

CHILDREN'S CHANCE TO START BANKING ACCOUNTS

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

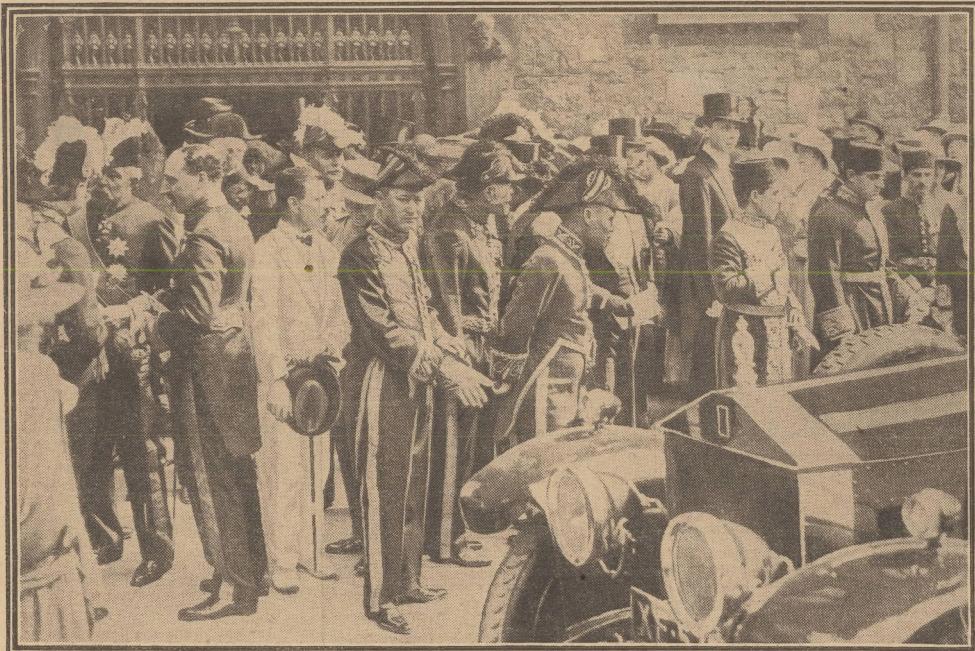
No. 6,168.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1923

One Penny.

GREAT ABBEY SERVICE FOR PRESIDENT HARDING



All nations were represented yesterday at the memorial service in Westminster Abbey to President Warren Harding.



The Duke of York, who represented the King, and (following him) Mr. Post Wheeler, American Chargé d'Affaires.



Count de Saint-Aulaire, French Ambassador, and his wife.



Lord Robert Cecil leaving the Abbey after the service.



Sir Mirza Davood Khan (centre), the Persian Minister, and (behind him) the Afghan envoy, Sardar Abdul Hathi Khan.

A great gathering of Americans, who are visiting England, assembled with representatives of nearly every other nation at Westminster Abbey yesterday for the memorial service to Mr. Warren Harding, the late President of the United States. The Duke of

York attended for the King, and other members of the Royal Family were represented. The service was distinguished by its simplicity—a characteristic, also, of the President's funeral yesterday at Marion, Ohio.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

MONEY-BOX HINT FOR CHILDREN.

"Daily Mirror's" £25,000 Thrift Scheme.

BEGIN TO-DAY.

Kiddies' Chance to Start Banking Account.

Bundles of Certificates are already beginning to arrive from energetic youngsters keen on securing some of the handsome gifts offered in connection with *The Daily Mirror's* great £25,000 thrift scheme.

Every boy and girl under the age of fifteen has a chance of securing a share of this huge sum of money, and the conditions are perfectly simple and easy.

There is no entrance fee, no guessing, no registration. All that is required is to collect as many as possible of the Children's Savings Certificates, one of which appears each day in the right-hand corner of the back picture page of *The Daily Mirror*.

In addition the sender will receive either cash or one or more money-earning National Savings Certificates. Cash payments have been posted to all of those who have sent in Certificates.

CUT THEM OUT.

Certificates on Back Page of "Daily Mirror" That Mean Money.

The primary object of the scheme is to encourage early habits of thrift.

Everybody can help the youngsters to collect Certificates, and in this way stimulate the incentive to save.

Within the last few years the Government has slowly recognised that thrift was a virtue to be cultivated in the young.

The National Savings Committee has been the means of bringing about the acceptance of the fact that the formation of habits of thrift is an important part of our national education.

The Daily Mirror's £25,000 thrift scheme should prove a most useful auxiliary to the efforts of schoolteachers and others are making in this direction.

Every reader of *The Daily Mirror*—and they run into millions every week—can help the youngsters to collect Certificates. If you are unmarried or have no children of your own, don't waste the coupon.

Cut it out and give it to some child. It represents money.

GO ON COLLECTING.

For a bundle of ninety-six of these Certificates *The Daily Mirror* will give one shilling and for 192 two shillings.

The great thing, however, is not to be content with one or two shillings gift, but to collect as many Certificates as possible and secure something much more valuable.

These are in the form of money-making National Savings Certificates. This is what has to be done:

For 1,488 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	16s.
1 National Savings Certificate	£1:12
For 2,950 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£2:8
2 National Savings Certificates	£3:4
For 4,400 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£4:12
5 National Savings Certificates	£4:12
For 5,850 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£4:12
4 National Savings Certificates	£4:12

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

Remember that in five years each National Savings Certificate will be worth £1, and in ten years £16s.

The Daily Mirror £25,000 scheme is, therefore, a direct incentive to thrift, and parents and guardians and, in fact, every adult person, should help the children all they can.

August is the greatest holiday month. The schools are open, the boys and girls are free from the cares of lessons.

The Daily Mirror scheme gives them a splendid opportunity. By collecting certificates they can spend a most profitable holiday and start the saving habit.

Begin the collecting habit to-day.

(Continued on page 15.)

THE QUEEN AND A WHALE

"Snapped" by Visitors Beside Famous Isle of Wight Skeleton.

During a visit to Blackgang Chine, a favourite Isle of Wight beauty spot near Ventnor, yesterday, the Queen passed through the skeleton of a whale captured many years ago, and then stood beside it while other visitors took her photograph.

Owing to the funeral of President Harding, the King did not race at Cowes yesterday.

RAIL PASSENGERS' WALK.

Passengers completed their journey on foot yesterday when trains from coast towns were held up at the busiest part of the day near Middlesbrough. A number of goods wagons became derailed and tore up the track.

CLAIM BY 5 "WIVES."

Fight for Bandit Chief's Buried Treasure.

"ARMY OF CHILDREN."

The appearance of five "widows" to claim the estate of Francesca Pancho Villa, the bandit chief who was killed by his own supporters a short while ago, seems to have raised a knotty legal problem that will require much tact.

The fight for the estate, says a Reuter Mexico message, promises as much excitement as the search for the 7,000,000 pesos which Villa is said to have buried in the neighbourhood of Chihuahua.

Reports from Chihuahua say Villa had a presentation of death several weeks before his assassination, and wrote to several of his "wives" promising them shares in his estate.

Thus far five "wives" and a small army of children have filed claims in addition to his brother, Hipolito, and his sister, Mariana.

The Attorney-General of Mexico City stated that President Obregon had received a letter purporting to be signed by a member of the Lower House of the Legislature, confessing that he led the band which killed Villa, and adding that Villa was murdered to avenge his numerous victims.



HIPOLITO VILLA.

COMEDY OF A LISP.

Teacher's Story of Cure That Failed.

DOCTORING DIALECTS.

Many amusing stories were told to the members of the Teachers' Vacation Course in the Connaught Room yesterday by Mr. Frank Jones, who spoke on "Dialect" and on "Self-Expression."

There was, he said, no such thing as standard English. A cultured Scotsman was naturally different from a cultured Englishman, and it would be ridiculous to try and turn a Scotsman into an Englishman. The same thing applied to the Irishman and the Welshman. What they wanted to do was to get rid of town peculiarities which we're social in their bearing. This was what teachers should strive to do.

Dramatic differences in pronunciation in London and Birmingham, Mr. Jones had the assistance of a mixed class of young children. Noticing that one of the boys lisped he told how one of his pupils in Birmingham, having difficulty with the letter "s," he promised him that if he succeeded in overcoming the trouble within a month he would excuse him and the whole of his class from home lessons.

"At the end of the month the boy was able to say 'Sally sewed a shirt for children quite satisfactorily,'" said Mr. Jones, "whereupon I said to him, 'Splendid, you are cured, aren't you?' and the boy replied 'I think so, thir!'"

Mr. Jones gave some mirth-provoking instances of faulty phrasing in composition.

A boy once wrote: "The jockey lost two of his teeth when the horse fell and had to be destroyed." (Laughter.)

One of his pupils, in an essay on the war, writing of the old boys, stated: "Those that did not go to the war married, but the stronger ones got up a Rugby football team."

A boy in a chemistry class wrote: "Chlorine gas is very injurious to the human body, and the following experiments should therefore only be performed on the teacher."

PETITION FOR MASON.

Over 60,000 People Ask for Reprieve of Taxicab Murderer.

Over 60,000 signatures have been affixed to the public petition for the reprieve of Alexander Mason, who is under sentence of death for the Brixton taxicab murder.

The petition was presented to the Home Secretary yesterday by Mason's solicitor, Mr. R. H. Bridgeford. He was accompanied by Mr. John Robertson, M.P. for Bothwell (Mason's native town), who last week presented to Mr. Bridgeford the petition signed by M.P.s.

WOUNDED GIRL.

Letter to Accused Sweetheart That She "Would Like to End It."

Reserving his defense and pleading not guilty, Leopold Kniibbs was sent for trial at Windsor yesterday on the charge of wounding Margaret Lilian Robson with a Gurkha knife.

Mason admitted that during their courtship there was a time when both he and Kniibbs wanted to get married, and there was also a time when she did not want to marry him, but he wanted to marry her.

On one occasion Kniibbs threatened to strangle her. She did not agree that they used to play together and said, "Well, we will strangle each other."

She had written a letter, "I feel horribly miserable and would like to end it, but I can't. I am too frightened." She had told Kniibbs she would like to drown herself, but not before he had told her he would drown himself.

3 MOTOR-CAR TRAGEDIES

Pensive Clerk Walks in Front of Vehicle—Little Girl's Escape.

That he walked in front of an oncoming motor-car while deep in thought was the suggestion made at a Westminster inquest yesterday on the death of a fifty-six-year-old Captain Clapham Common, who was knocked down by a motor-car.

For three hours previous to the tragedy, it was stated, he stayed at the Stafford Hotel, St. James's-place, S.W., drinking, but was perfectly sober when he left at ten o'clock. Accidental death was the verdict.

At the inquest at Westminster yesterday on Winifred Norris, four, of Marlborough-buildings, who was knocked down and killed in Whitechapel by a motor-car, it was stated by eye-witnesses that had not the driver stopped and picked up smartly the little girl's playmate, who was holding her hand at the time, would also have been killed. Verdict: Accidental death, and the driver was exonerated.

Alice Morgan, of Newbridge (Mon.), and a little boy were knocked down by a taxicab while walking in a main street of Newport (Mon.) on Thursday. The woman died later.

ST. DUNSTAN'S PRIZES.

The winning numbers in connection with St. Dunstan's Bank Day, Clacton-on-Sea, on August Bank Holiday, are—142, 492, 500, 3050, 77. Holders of these numbers should send tickets and apply to Miss Ashby, St. Dunstan's representative, Danbury Lodge, Clacton-on-Sea.

GIRL VANISHES FROM LONDON.

Strange Story of Law Student's Fiancee.

MYSTERY 'VISITOR.'

Charming Girl Who Suddenly Became Unhappy.

What is the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Miss Phyllis Lester from a house in Guilford-street, Bloomsbury?

Miss Lester was supposed to be a student at Pitman's School in Southampton-row, but inquiries there fail to prove that she was. Recently she became engaged to a young law student, who prevailed upon her to take up residence in the house of his coach, a well-known lawyer.

Miss Lester vanished on July 23 after announcing that she was going to collect a remittance from her father at Australia House.

OUT ALL NIGHT.

Girl Says She Was in Lift Accident After Non-Appearance at Lodgings.

Miss Lester and her fiance had known each other only a few months, and their engagement was announced some time ago.

The law student met his fiancee when she was living in apartments in Greville-street, in the same district.

He prevailed upon her to stay at the apartments of his coach in Guilford-street.

She went away in a taxi-cab, attired in a pink frock with white stockings and white shoes," the sister of the coach of the girl's fiance told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"Both my brother and I took a strong interest in the girl. She always seemed to be happy, until within a day or two of her disappearance.

"She had told us that she was not happy where she had been staying in Greville-street, and that in fact she was £4 in debt to her landlord.

"A CHARMING GIRL."

"My brother advanced the money and invited her to stay with us, and she came to live with us. Both my brother and I found her a charming and attractive girl."

"Then strange things began to happen. It had been arranged that she and I should go down to a cottage which we own at Cuffley on Friday, July 18.

"That night Miss Lester was out all night.

"She arrived home about midday on Saturday, announcing that she had tumbled in the lift at Belsize Park tube station; that she had been carried out on to the platform and conveyed home to friends who live near by.

"On the following day, while my brother and I were out, I am sure that Miss Lester had a visitor to tea, though she strenuously denied this.

"The fact remains that, after visiting her old lodgings for letters, and apparently collecting one or two yellow foreign stamps, she went off to Australia to see her father's remains."

"What makes her disappearance the more mysterious is the fact that she has left most of her goods and chattels—frocks and so forth."

Scotland Yard are investigating the case.

WOMEN SCALDED.

Sixteen Injured When Motor-Bus Crashes Into Road Boiler.

Turning a corner, a motor-bus skidded and collided with a concrete mixer, smashing the boiler, says a New York Central News cable.

All the bus windows were broken, and sixteen women passengers were badly scalded by escaping steam. Three are not expected to recover.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lightning-up time to-day is 9.30 p.m. Cool, Anyway.—The Argentine swimmer Marcell will attempt the Channel swim to-day.

Killed by Hearses.—Jumping off a tram, Michael Cheetham was killed by a motor-hearse at Wigton.

New Archdruid.—The Rev. Elvet Lewis, of London, was yesterday elected Archdruid of Wales.

Lady Hedge Dead.—Lady Hedge, wife of Sir Rowland Hedge, died yesterday at Chippenham-place, Sevenoaks.

Death Ends Search.—Seeking work at Tavistock-street Labour Exchange, William J. Weston, sixty-nine, of Tooting, fell dead.

High Speed Seaplane.—Lieutenant Gurkin, flying the seaplane NW2, attained a speed of 165 miles an hour at Philadelphia yesterday.

Day of Memory.—The Prince of Wales will unveil the Seaforth Highlanders' Memorial at Fort George on August 22—the anniversary of the first day that British troops were in action in France in 1914.

Colour in Sickroom.—Mr. W. R. Dykes, secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, informs us that the statements concerning the value of colour in the sickroom attributed to him by this paper were made by another member of the society—Mr. C. H. Dykes.

STRIKES SPREADING TO ALL PARTS OF GERMANY

**Fears of Another Revolution Among Workers
Angered by Industrial Dictatorship.**

PRINTERS STOP PAPER MONEY.

British Note to France and Belgium To Be Handed to Ambassadors in London To-day.

While a lull is likely in the reparations negotiations till France and Belgium have considered the new British Note, there is a possibility of grave developments in Germany.

Angered by the trickery of the industrialists and financiers, who have made the mark worthless and put food prices beyond control, the workers all over the country are showing increasing restlessness. There are even fears of another revolution.

Berlin is without underground trains and newspapers owing to strikes—which also stopped the printing of money—and there are 12,000 shipyard workers idle in Hamburg, in addition to other stoppages elsewhere. Shops have been pillaged, and several conflicts have occurred with the police.

Britain's Note to the Allies will be delivered to the Ambassadors today, and the publication of documents by the Government is expected on Monday.

NO NEWSPAPERS OR TUBE TRAINS IN BERLIN.

12,000 Idle in Shipyards at Hamburg—Grave Situation.

CONFLICTS WITH POLICE.

Reports from all parts of Germany yesterday cables the Central News from Berlin, show that unrest among the workers is increasing alarmingly—so much so that in political circles fears were not concealed that a revolution may break out as suddenly as the one of November, 1918.

Shipyard owners at Hamburg have dismissed their workers on account of Communistic activities.

Altogether 12,000 men are idle, and the position is regarded as grave.

In Berlin the strike movement is spreading rapidly, and the situation is causing grave concern to the authorities and the Government.

Work stopped on the underground railways owing to the dismissal of three men, and a ballot of printers resulted in a great majority for a strike.

NO NEWSPAPERS.

The threat was put into execution, with the result that no newspapers were published yesterday except those controlled by the Socialist and Communist parties.

Bank-note printers also refused to work, with the result that the note presses had to be closed down.

It is feared the strike will spread to all the municipal services and to factories.

Vegetable markets at Aix-la-Chapelle have been invaded by angry crowds, who raided the stalls, stealing fruit and other garden produce. At Buerigis, in Belgian occupied territory, a large group of armed Communists started helping themselves to potatoes and vegetable crops.

The German authorities dispatched five motorcars containing police, and several arrests were made.

CONFlict WITH POLICE.

Traunwald, near Orefeld, have gone on strike over wages, and a strike broke out at the Flender Trave works at Luebeck.

The workers held a demonstration, and in a conflict with the police several people were injured.

A one-day strike protest by the Berlin shops against measures injurious to trade is to be followed by a strike on a large scale next week.

Shops throughout Germany will be closed.

Agreement has been reached between representatives of German commerce, industry and agriculture regarding guarantees for a £50,000,000 gold marks (£25,000,000) loan. Subscriptions will be opened on August 15.

German marks were quoted in London yesterday at 21,000,000 to the £ after opening at 14,000,000.

The Berlin Government has issued a decree prohibiting German citizens to sell marks abroad as these sales are considered to have a detrimental effect on the exchange.

NOTE TO ALLIES TO-DAY.

Publication of British Documents Expected on Monday.

The British Note to France and Belgium will be dispatched through the respective Embassies in London in time to be delivered before the publication of the British documents on Monday.

Lord Curzon, after handing the Notes to the Ambassadors to-morrow, will go abroad for a holiday, and—with the Premier away in Worcestershire—there are unlikely to be any developments for a week or two.

HEAT WAVE PAUSES FOR A BREATHING!

Very Warm Week-End in South Predicted by Experts.

SEASIDE MUCH COOLER.

TO-DAY'S FORECAST.—More settled in North; fine and very warm over week-end in South; light winds in S.E. England.

The heat wave abated slightly yesterday—though only slightly—and the highest temperature was only 75 degrees in the shade and 107 in the sun in London, compared with 81 degrees in the shade and 124 in the sun the day before.

A cool breeze swept the sun-baked streets. At the Southern seaside resorts, also, it was noticeably cooler. At Eastbourne, where the mercury stood at 70deg., it was very cloudy, and at Torquay it was a mere 67deg.

Despite this relief, it was still very hot, and *The Daily Mirror*, learning that the top of the Monument was the coolest place in London, armed itself with a thermometer and went there.

Arrived at the last of the 345 steps, one feels the sun blazing down merrily on one's head, not a bit less than it does when one is on the ground.

A long wait with the thermometer decided *The Daily Mirror* that it was exactly 10deg. less on top.

Coloured glasses are being worn by many people as a protection against the blinding sun.

Collapsed Through Heat.—While walking along a street in Kingston-on-Thames, Harold Head, fifteen, collapsed and was taken to hospital. It was certified that he was suffering from heat exhaustion.

Arrived at the last of the 345 steps, one feels the sun blazing down merrily on one's head, not a bit less than it does when one is on the ground.

A long wait with the thermometer decided *The Daily Mirror* that it was exactly 10deg. less on top.

Coloured glasses are being worn by many people as a protection against the blinding sun.

Collapsed Through Heat.—While walking

along a street in Kingston-on-Thames, Harold Head, fifteen, collapsed and was taken to hospital. It was certified that he was suffering from heat exhaustion.

ONLOOKERS STOP CAR.

Cry Raised Near Regent-street—Motorist Fined.

How men mounted the running boards of a car in order to stop it was described at Marlborough-street yesterday, when Hamilton Murray Ingledew was charged with being drunk while in charge of a motor-car, failing to stop after an accident and driving without lights.

Ingledew's car, it was stated, struck the back of a stationary car outside Murray's Club and went on.

Towards Regent-street a cry was raised by many of the onlookers, and as defendant did not stop they gave chase. It was owing to their action that the car was stopped by men who mounted the running boards.

Mr. Freke Palmer, defending, said Ingledew intended to see at thirteen and joined up when fifteen. As a midshipman he fought off Heligoland.

The magistrate said the defendant must pay 40s. on the first charge and two guineas costs, £5 for driving in a dangerous manner, a shilling for failing to stop. His licence would be endorsed, and he would be disqualified from driving for six months.

BETTER THAN COALMINING.

Another party of ten Lancashire colliers left Liverpool yesterday aboard the Canadian Pacific liner Montcalm for the gold mines at Timmins, Ontario. The Hollinger gold mines have attracted many Lancashire miners to Northern Ontario, and the men are already becoming prosperous.



Lord Bur�ton, whom illness debars from keeping his engagements.



Lt-Col M. Alexander, M.P., has had a slight operation for eye strain.

London's Tribute to President Harding.

Moving Scenes at Abbey Memorial Service.

WOMEN IN TEARS.

American Visitors Mourn Nation's Dead Chief.

Long before the memorial service to President Harding was due to start in Westminster Abbey yesterday the great building was crowded, and many who wished to pay their last tribute to the dead statesman were being turned away.

Side by side sat famous diplomats, great soldiers and Americans of all classes, all obviously moved.

The King was represented by the Duke of York, the Prince of Wales by Major-General Trotter, and Queen Alexandra by Sir Henry Streatfeild.

When the first chords of Mendelssohn's Funeral March crashed through the Abbey there was not a space unfilled in the wide building.

Very reverently Americans in London—and many who had come over especially from Paris—had taken their seats, the ticket holders almost as early as those who made for the nave by the West door, which had been thrown open to the general public.

SPLASH OF SCARLET.

Under the lantern and in stalls were British statesmen and representatives from all the Embassies. Lord Robert Cecil was obviously deeply touched. Viscount Allendale was near by with Mr. Edward Marsh, who represented Mr. Winston Churchill.

There was a sudden splash of scarlet as Sir Henry Streatfeild came up the aisle, preceded by two vergers, and then the whole congregation moved to their feet as the Duke of York, in the blue of the Air Force, came silently in.

Then came the first treble notes of the choir boys, "I am the Resurrection" and the Life saving the Lord."

After the singing of the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," in which the congregation joined, Canon Carnegie delivered an address, brief but impressive.

"It is fitting that in this church, which is the central shrine of our parent lineage, Americans and Britons should unite in giving religious expression to the sentiments of mutual goodwill and sympathy and solicitude which are arched.

HIS LIFE'S WORK.

"President Harding's life work does not fail to satisfy us. His intellectual ability, his oratorical skill, his foresight as a statesman, his sense as a legislator or administrator, these are matters about which different estimates will be formed, varying with the predilections or prejudices of those who form them, but as to his sincerity, his straightforwardness, his honesty, his invincible rectitude, his generosity, his kindly sympathy, all who knew him are agreed.

"Great Englishmen asked that on his grave should be inscribed the words, 'Here lies a man who tried to do his duty.' President Harding was such a man."

Many women in deep mourning broke down during the service. Many grey-haired men remained standing throughout the service, and on their faces was written the loss of a friend.

An Irish-American of the lower classes had broken a window of the new building and black ribbons on her shawl lay yellow flock.

As the faint throb of the undercurrent of Beethoven's "Funeral March of a Hero" reverberated through the Abbey and died gradually away, and the throng came out into the sunlight, many voiced the feeling that another bond had been forged between the English-speaking nations on both sides of the water.

Representatives of the American Consulate was also held yesterday in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. Many American visitors were present as well as members of the town council and of the Senate of the University, who wore their official robes.

SIMPLE FUNERAL.

Dead President Buried as a Private Citizen—No Military Display.

Just as the afternoon shadows began to lengthen President Harding was laid to rest with marked simplicity at his home town of Marion.

A prayer in the parlour of his father's home, a cortège to the vault in the cemetery, the reading of Scriptures and the singing by a choir of "Lead, kindly Light"—that was all, says Reuter.

The cortège with the widow, other members of the family, President Coolidge, Cabinet Ministers and politicians, followed by a large crowd made up of thousands of townspeople and visitors who had come to Marion from far and near.

There was no military display, but merely a procession to the grave such as might be made in honour of any ordinary citizen.

During the time of the ceremony railways, telegraphs and telephones throughout the country ceased work for a few minutes, shops and businesses were everywhere closed for the day.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1923.

THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

THE funeral ceremonies accorded to a President of the United States who dies in office are as elaborate as those that followed any of the kings of old to the grave. Yesterday President Harding was laid to rest in his native town; while throughout the country business was for a moment suspended as a token of respect to the man and the great office he had held.

Here, too, in London Englishmen and Americans took their places together in Westminster Abbey for a memorial service very impressive in its simplicity. One felt, there in the great church, a sense of the confraternity of two great nations, whose union might do so much for the world in its present troubled state.

We believe that President Harding, as his experience of government grew, was more and more prompted to recognise this need for world collaboration. The strange silence of America, her aloofness, her disdain of "entanglements," have their justification indeed in fear of the contagion of our unsettlement. Political considerations reinforce that fear.

Nevertheless, a permanent and complete isolation is impossible for any great nation in the modern world. Yesterday's service in the Abbey inspires us with a hope that the future "intervention" of America in world affairs may be based upon a renewed sense of friendship with ourselves.

HER CROWNING GLORY.

SURELY there is too easy an optimism in the opinion of that American Judge who holds that all women have to do, in order to retain their husbands' affection, is to dress their hair in a certain way—in fact, to "bob" it for neatness.

Neatness is the aim. Untidy wives (he implies) make negligent husbands.

That may be true. But neatness does not depend upon the latest and most juvenile fashion of arranging the woman's crowning glory.

Wives had better be careful. Bobbed hair is apt to suggest—even to induce—"a certain liveliness," or frivolity, of temperament. Fashions modify manners. And it would be a sad thing if a slightly dishevelled but entirely respectable wife were to become aggressively girlish by adopting the girlish headdress.

ANIMALS ON THE ROAD.

WE wish that more could be done to diminish the sufferings of animals who travel by rail or road in warm weather.

At any time it is pitiable to see cattle huddled together in crowded trucks. The pity of it is accentuated when, as so often, they are packed together without shade or water for their relief.

But several lamentable cases recently reported in our news columns show that people who profess to be "fond of animals" have a habit of "posting" even the most sensitive of domestic pets, as though these favourite dogs or cats or birds were invulnerable parcels perfectly fitted to be shut up in vans, thrown about, shunted and treated, in sum, like the ordinary "goods" consignments.

Some of these cases may indeed be attributable to ignorance. That is, at any rate, the plea advanced in defence.

We can only say that owners of domestic animals who exhibit such ignorance as these are totally unfit to keep pets of any breed or sort.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

COUNTRY DWELLERS AND CHARABANES—THE IDEAL HOLIDAY COMPANION
—THE BISHOP'S DRESS—WOMEN IN SMOKERS.

POOR BISHOPS!

I WAS much interested in your correspondent's letter about the dress of our Bishops. The breeches and leggings (as he states) are evidently the relic of the days when Bishops visited parishes on horseback.

I always understood, however, that the apron was the survival of the cassock, which had been worn down for comfort in riding.

D. W. DARWALL.

Walton Vicarage, Warrington.

CHARABANC LUNACY.

FEW of us want to attack the charabanc, which has brought a good deal of enjoyment to a great number of people. We only ask of trippers, as "W. M." points out, that they should behave as sensible folk—not as savages.

In this connection, one feels impelled to ask

HOLIDAY COMPANIONS.

PERHAPS the best holiday companion is one whom we don't see too much of during the rest of the year.

With such a man—or woman—you can't talk shop. You get away from the usual worries of workday life.

ON A WALKING TOUR.

WOMEN IN "SMOKERS."

IF the conditions on the railway by which "N. N." travels are anything like those existing in most of them, we protest against his statement that there is plenty of room for women in non-smokers.

Our experience is that there are only two non-smoking compartments to every seven "smokers." Under these conditions, and considering the present hopeless state of over-crowding, men cannot reasonably expect women to run up and down looking for non-smokers

THIS IS JUST TO WARN YOU THAT—



—it isn't always wise to rely upon a friend's recommendation of an ideal spot for a holiday!

which, when found, will in all probability be already full of men.

If men want the use of smokers exclusively

confined to their own sex, the least they can do

is to see that more non-smokers are provided

and that they are better distributed than at

present.

FOUR CITY WORKERS.

which, when found, will in all probability be

already full of men.

If men want the use of smokers exclusively

confined to their own sex, the least they can do

is to see that more non-smokers are provided

and that they are better distributed than at

present.

FOUR CITY WORKERS.

which, when found, will in all probability be

already full of men.

If men want the use of smokers exclusively

confined to their own sex, the least they can do

is to see that more non-smokers are provided

and that they are better distributed than at

present.

FOUR CITY WORKERS.

which, when found, will in all probability be

already full of men.

If men want the use of smokers exclusively

confined to their own sex, the least they can do

is to see that more non-smokers are provided

and that they are better distributed than at

present.

FOUR CITY WORKERS.

which, when found, will in all probability be

already full of men.

If men want the use of smokers exclusively

confined to their own sex, the least they can do

is to see that more non-smokers are provided

and that they are better distributed than at

present.

FOUR CITY WORKERS.

which, when found, will in all probability be

already full of men.

If men want the use of smokers exclusively

confined to their own sex, the least they can do

is to see that more non-smokers are provided

and that they are better distributed than at

present.

FOUR CITY WORKERS.

which, when found, will in all probability be

already full of men.

If men want the use of smokers exclusively

confined to their own sex, the least they can do

is to see that more non-smokers are provided

and that they are better distributed than at

present.

FOUR CITY WORKERS.

which, when found, will in all probability be

already full of men.

If men want the use of smokers exclusively

confined to their own sex, the least they can do

is to see that more non-smokers are provided

and that they are better distributed than at

present.

FOUR CITY WORKERS.

which, when found, will in all probability be

already full of men.

If men want the use of smokers exclusively

confined to their own sex, the least they can do

is to see that more non-smokers are provided

and that they are better distributed than at

present.

FOUR CITY WORKERS.

which, when found, will in all probability be

already full of men.

If men want the use of smokers exclusively

confined to their own sex, the least they can do

is to see that more non-smokers are provided

and that they are better distributed than at

present.

FOUR CITY WORKERS.

IF WE HAD CAFES HERE IN ENGLAND.

DRAWBACKS TO EATING IN THE OPEN AIR.

By JAMES CLIFFORD.

I'M inclined to agree with that correspondent who wrote on this page the other day about open-air cafés being overrated. I never was for eating or drinking in the open air. There's something trippy about it.

I mean, it's all very well abroad, where the natives do funny things and you can't understand what they're saying about you anyhow.

Or at the seaside, where nobody knows you. Though that has its drawbacks, too—wasps largely at this time of year. I never was fond of wasps to my tea.

But to go and start cafés in London, or wherever you happen to live; I am all against it.

Look at the trouble it would cause, with everybody looking at you every time you had a glass of limejuice or something. You know what people are—they chatter quite enough as it is.

Suppose you went for a quiet walk after dinner and met a friend and you sat down outside the Wyvern and Cockatrice café for a little mild refreshment.

Well some dear old lady who comes to your wife's tea parties would be sure to pass by and see you and just because you happened to be laughing and carefree for the moment it would get all about the neighbourhood that you were an abandoned character.

The dear old lady would collect all the other dear old ladies.

And I can hear them saying it—at the next tea party. "That Mr. Clifford; oh not at all the sort of man you think. He drinks—oh, indeed, he does! I happened to be passing the café the other evening and he was there—and quite boisterous, to put it charitably, my dear. His poor wife. Yes, I feel so sorry for her."

TOO MUCH PUBLICITY?

Well, there you are, that's what cafés would do for one happy home.

Or else it might be in the middle of the day in the City or the West End and you feeling a little low, or waiting for an appointment.

The odds are you'd just order a whisky and soda, or a glass of beer, not because you want it, of course, but just to pay for your seat, as it were.

Well, what would happen? You can take it from me that the first person to come along would be some ardent teetotaller with whom you were trying to do business. He'd give one look at you, tell himself he always suspected it, and dash back to his office and dictate a letter to you saying it was all off.

Or else your doctor would "happen to be that way," and spot you, and the next time you tell him how you only had a couple of whiskies and soda a day, always in the evening, you'd have less chance of being believed than you have now.

No, as I say, cafés are all right in foreign countries. They're part of the change of atmosphere and all that sort of thing. But here at home, I think they're "fast." They're not suited to our traditional reserve.

To eat your lunch or have a drink in full view of anybody who cares to look at you, seems to me to be making an exhibition of yourself.

It's like going bathing in the Trafalgar-square fountains.



144-Nickel Plated.

"Wabra" Window Fittings Are Britain's Most Silent Salesmen.

102-Pat.Swivel Clip Sample 124, 6x8 & 10x12 inches.

Nickelled in 2, 4, 6x8 & 10x12 inches.

1929 1024

A. W. ABRAHAMS, 154-156, Finsbury St., BIRMINGHAM.

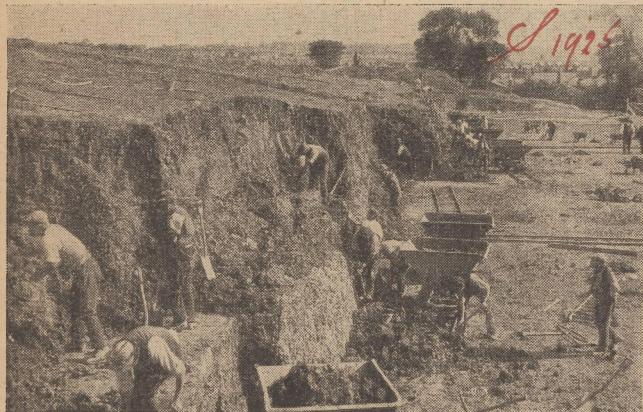
Cuticura Soap Imparts The Velvet Touch

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, sold everywhere. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Square, E.C.

COUNTRY CAMP HOLIDAY ON THE DOLE



A lesson in potato-peeling from Mr. John Gordon, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour of Northern Ireland, to men out of work at the Ministry's summer camp for workless. The men pay 10s. a week from the dole.



CHARLTON'S NEW GROUND.—Work in the preparation of the new football ground at Charlton of the Charlton United Club. It is expected that the ground will be ready in November. In the meantime the club will continue to play at "the Valley."



DRAGOON'S WEDDING.—Captain E. S.-D. Martin, D.S.O., M.C., 5th Dragoon Guards, and his bride, Miss Margaret Gutherie, daughter of Mrs. D. C. Gutherie, of East Haddon Hall, after their wedding at East Haddon.

THRILLS FROM 12-YEAR-OLD HORSEWOMAN

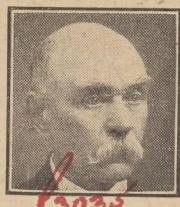


Betty Bulger, the heroine of Watford Horse Show, with her sister May.



Betty and a favourite horse. *P 87084* Sharing her sister's cycle.

Little Betty Bulger, of whose horsemanship at the age of twelve all St. Albans is proud, caused a great sensation at Watford Horse Show. She galloped her horse Stray Moments round the ring at such a speed that the crowd thought it was a runaway and men ran in and stopped it.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



General Sir J. O'More Gough, V.C., former Commander-in-Chief in India, has died aged 74. He won his V.C. in the Afghan War.



FASTESE SEAPLANE.—The United States seaplane D 12, which, it is reported, has made world's record time for machines that can land on water. She flew at 175.3 miles an hour, and is expected to compete in the Solent for the Schneider Cup.



MARY'S SUNSHADE.—"Mary Ann," who for forty years has sold apples at the corner of Watling-street, E.C. This weather she takes to a parasol.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General



174843
A new mother, Lady Ludlow, who is spending a holiday at Harrogate.



174844
Mrs. Alexander Small, daughter of Canon Hay-Davidson, who is engaged to Mr. Alexander Small.

THE ABBEY SERVICE.

The Art of Dancing—“Atmosphere” on the Film—Children’s Scheme Congratulations.

THERE WAS LESS glitter and pomp, and perhaps a little more sincere emotion shown at yesterday's memorial service to the late President Harding in Westminster Abbey, than is usual at such services. There were a few scarlet and gold uniforms, of course, but the U.S. Army officers in attendance wore khaki, and the ushers were in mourning dress. One conspicuous feature was the punctuality of the ticket-holders, most of whom arrived in time. Long before the Duke of York, in his inconspicuous Air Force uniform, arrived the Abbey was full.

“Our Americans.”

Of what we usually call “Our Americans,” there were very few, because nearly every one of them is away. Mrs. Post Wheeler, in a cool, thin black georgette frock and big hat, arrived early and another well-known American present was Mrs. Frank Graham. Mr. Edward Robins, the American actor, with his profusion of silver hair neatly brushed, was sitting just near me.

Belgian Franc Mystery.

Why have Belgian francs fallen so heavily? M. Theunis has given us one of the explanations. The Belgians, he says, being nervous about their financial prospects, have been selling their francs in order to invest in British sterling securities. The French, though to a less extent, have been doing the same thing. It is a pleasant tribute to British financial stability.

“The Crack of the Rifle.”

I suppose the “Twelfth” will supply the inevitable “crack of the rifle” howler. I have never known grouse shooting begin without it. But the howler which made the experts howl most was when a big shop in Oxford-street turned one of its windows into a patch of moorland, with stuffed grouse among the heather, and a couple of service rifles resting against a boulder.

Indian Tour.

Princess Genevieve d'Orléans (a descendant of Louis Philippe), whose recent marriage to the Comte de Chaponay was the biggest social event of the year in Paris, intends, I am told, to leave with her husband in the autumn for a tour of India. They have been on the Normandy coast for a part of their honeymoon.

To Scotland.

Paris will be quite sorry to lose the Maharaja of Kapurthala, the Indian Prince, who has a mansion in the Bois and has been a leading figure in Society functions this season. He has just come back from France, where he was often with the Aga Khan, but in a few days he is leaving for Scotland.

The Art of Dancing.

Everybody seems to be writing books nowadays, and, therefore, I learn without surprise that Nijinsky, the famous Russian dancer, has retired into seclusion in Paris in order to devote his time to the production of a work on “The Art of Dancing.” Nobody, unless it is Pavlova, or Karsavina, knows more about the subject than he does, and I expect his book will be an interesting one.

Classical Poses.

The work will be illustrated with photographs of Nijinsky in some of his famous classical poses, and instructive diagrams will attempt to show young dancers how to become graceful, airy and indiarubber-like. Flat-footed men, however, should be warned not to buy the book. It might raise vain hopes which could never be realised.



M. Nijinsky.
young dancers how to become graceful, airy and indiarubber-like. Flat-footed men, however, should be warned not to buy the book. It might raise vain hopes which could never be realised.

Poet's Problem.

I do not understand Mr. Frank Jones' demand that a poet, before publishing anything, should be required to “obtain a licence by making clear roughly what his meaning was.” Picture a poet trying to explain to a Government Department what he meant by saying that there were “sermons in stones,” or how he reconciled the statement that “the child is father to the man” with the undeniable fact that the man is the child's father.

“Penny Dreadfuls.”

Mr. Jones' proposal that the books which we used to call “penny dreadfuls” should be read in class is better. It is probably easier to cultivate sound taste in literature by drawing attention to absurdities than by dwelling upon merits which are over the heads of youthful students.

Orders to Elephants.

Though it has been found impossible to give orders to elephants by wireless, they are beasts of truly uncanny intelligence. Wickedness can be flogged out of unruly elephants by other elephants trained to act as disciplinarians; and it is said that there are elephants intelligent enough to understand an order to go alone to a certain place, remain there a certain length of time, and then go on and report themselves somewhere else.

“Beyond the Rocks.”

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, I hear, has taken more than usual interest in the filming of her novel, “Beyond the Rocks.” In twelve days she rushed right across from Europe to Hollywood in order to be sure that there was enough “atmosphere” in the picture. Atmosphere, as you know, is that inexplicable “something” which only film directors know anything about, and which the ordinary common clay cannot understand.

“Atmosphere.”

During her visit Mrs. Glyn rearranged the coiffures of several of the people who were playing “atmosphere,” and on noticing a non-atmospheric butler standing about in the limelight seized a paint brush and “went over his hair” to make it conform to what she felt was the proper effect. What the butler said is not known, but the story of “Beyond the Rocks” has the Alps for a background. Hence the title, I suppose.

New Zangwill Play?

After motoring through Italy, Switzerland and France, Mrs. Helen Hayes, the prominent American actress, has arrived in the French capital, and in a few days is coming over here to visit Mr. and Mrs. Israel Zangwill. Mr. Zangwill, she says, is writing a play for her.

More Cambridge Poets.

A correspondent writes: “I rather doubt if you can maintain your assertion that the balance of our poetry is in favour of Oxford. If one considers the present generation alone, Cambridge can boast of Rupert Brooke, J. C. Squire, Edward Shanks, Edward Davison and Norman Davey. I do not think you would find a parallel group in the senior university.”

Flowers and Song.

Mr. Frank Mullings, the well-known tenor, who has recently taken the cure at Harrogate, has this week made holiday in the beautiful flower gardens at Golders Hill Park. A keen lover of flowers, Mr. Mullings is often to be seen on his way home from the florist's with a choice bouquet.

A Word for Sir Walter.

The substitute for the old “silly season” (writes a correspondent) would seem to be the Vacation Course for Teachers, at which everybody may say anything, however absurd. It seems characteristically reckless, for example, to make an onslaught on Scott's poetry as reading for boys. There is nothing finer for the healthy youngster than, say, “The Lady of the Lake.”

Victorian Writer.

To-day is the centenary of the birth of Charlotte Yonge. Her books are, I am afraid, little read now, but they exercised an enormous influence thirty or forty years ago, and she numbered John Keble and Dean Stanley among her readers and admirers.

Teaching Economy.

Many letters of congratulation have been received by *The Daily Mirror* on its £25,000 Savings Certificate Scheme for children. One writer says: “It is an excellent idea for teaching economy to the young.” That phrase sums up exactly what the scheme is doing. While they are saving up Certificates youngsters all over the Empire are learning, at the same time, the valuable habit of saving, which will serve them well in later years.

No Luck or Skill.

Children under fifteen are eligible. All they have to do is to collect ninety-six coupons and send them to 4-7, Lombard-lane and receive a shilling in exchange. Others with an eye on bigger things will collect 1,488 coupons, for which they will receive a National Savings Certificate. Anybody of the stipulated age may collect the golden coupons. There is no registration fee, and no luck or skill is required. The saving instinct is all that is necessary.

Old Elm Water Pipes.

Underground London, in spite of tubes and eight-foot sewers, has still plenty of evidence of an earlier civilisation to betray if it is dug into enough. I have just seen in Whitehall, close by the Horse Guards, where some big excavation is being made, two fine old elm water pipes brought to the surface. They are about six inches in bore and the end of one is neatly fished off to fit the other. Both are in an extraordinarily fine state of preservation.

Ken Wood Estate.

How many people recognise at first sight the names of Mr. William Whittingham, of Mr. T. W. Wilkinson and Mr. C. F. Minor? Yet but for their gifts of £50,000 and £20,000 the Ken Wood Preservation Committee would not have been able to transfer such a large portion of the Ken Wood estate to the London County Council. These and several smaller gifts have saved for London a fine stretch of land which will be available towards the end of next year, when several agricultural leases expire.



174845
Mrs. Elinor Glyn.



174846
Mrs. Helen Hayes, who has returned from Copenhagen, where she was received by King Christian.



174847
Miss Leila Mege, who will open the concert of promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall to-day.

Spanish Artist Returns.

Raquel Meller, the beautiful interpreter of Andalusian song and dance, has joined the cast of the revue “Toutes les Femmes” at the Palace in Paris. She is a great favourite with Parisians, and so is her husband, E. Gomez Carillo—the distinguished Spanish author and journalist whose first novel, “The Gospel of Love,” has just appeared.

Lore London.

This cry of an empty London in August has been raised from the earliest of times. Here, for instance, is Switz wailing away in similar strain in the early eighteenth century: “People have so left the town that I am at a loss for a dinner . . . May my enemies live here in summer. People leave the town so late in summer and return so late in winter that they have almost inverted the seasons.”

From My Diary.

Envy is not an original temper, but the natural, necessary, and unavoidable effect of emulation or a desire of glory.—William Law.

Prerequisites of a Pup.

Yesterday I heard a story of George Graves and his fox terrier pup. Whenever the comedian goes into his club, which happens to be the Eccentric, his dog goes too, and the other day the pup appeared from the kitchen regions bearing the wing of a chicken in his mouth which he deposited proudly at his master's feet. George had to pay for it. Now that the grouse season is about to start, George enters his club in fear and trembling.

THE RAMBLER.

Caley's Holiday Chats

A Wise Precaution.

Every holiday season doctors tell us that we should always have a snack of something immediately after a morning sea dip.

It is a counsel of sound advice, but most people dispense with it because they do not know how best to carry it out. Biscuits are so liable to get crushed and crumbled, and they take up room in the pocket.

There is one way, however, in which the difficulty can be overcome.



Caley's Marching Chocolate

is a perfect stand-by, better in fact than any other form of compressed nutrition for such a purpose. Besides having great sustaining and food value, it is one of the most delightful of sweetmeats. It does not create thirst, and is as smooth as velvet to the palate.

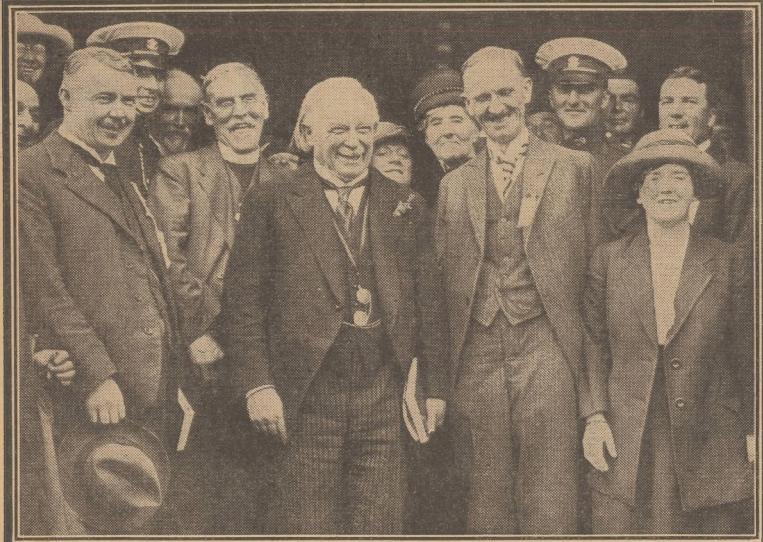
Throughout the War it was used by all branches of H.M. Services in various lands. In its neat wrapper of blue and khaki it takes up little space in the pocket, and maintains its solidity in hot weather as in cold.

“Slip in the pocket of your jacket
That little blue and khaki packet.”

AND BE CONTENTED.

A. J. CALEY & SON, LTD., NORWICH and LONDON.

L.G. LAUGHS AT GOOD JOKE IN WELSH



Mr. Lloyd George laughing heartily over a joke with the Chaired Bard (next him on right), Mr. Cledlyn Davies, the principal prizewinner at the Welsh Eisteddfod. On the extreme right is Mrs. Davies.

HOLIDAY ACCIDENT



Dr. Burroughs, Dean of Bristol, who has fractured a bone of his leg through slipping on a grass slope in the Austrian Tyrol during his holiday.

KING GEORGE H

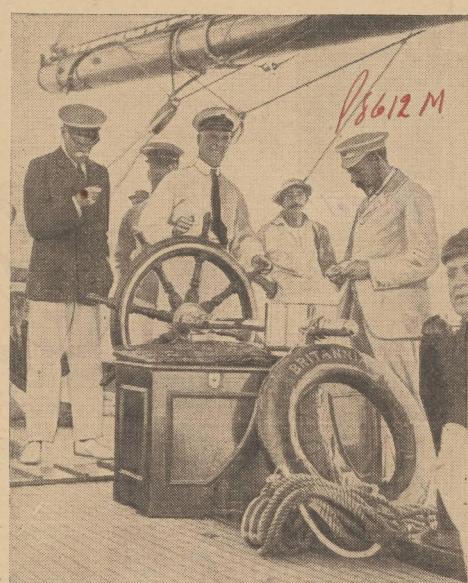


King George hauling on a rope

The King's yacht Britannia finished first for the Mrs. Workman's Nyria by just under three minutes. The



Jubilant members of the Plymouth Orpheus Ladies' Choir, their conductor, and a man in a suit, all smiling after winning the first prize in the women's choir competition at the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Mold, Flintshire.



The King, with watch in hand, waits for the starting-gun to send off the yachts on a long race.



✓9944
Lady Hilda, wife of Sir Horace Workman, died yesterday at Chipstead Place, Sevenoaks. She had been ill some time.



DUCAT'S BENEFIT TO-DAY.—Andy Ducat, the Surrey cricketer and international footballer, with his daughter Daphne. He takes his benefit at the Oval to-day, Monday and Tuesday against Middlesex.



WHIST BY THE WAVES.—An open-air whist drive, held on the beach at Walton-on-the-Naze, was a very popular event.



JOE BECKETT ESQ.
Miss Ruth Ford, the pretty younger Marine Hotel, Worthing, p.

LPS TO RAISE SAIL



Last sail on his yacht Britannia at Cowes.

Prizes of £100 at Cowes, but on time allowance lost to Terpsichore, which is gaining a reputation for bad luck, was over a forty miles course.



—Joe Beckett and his fiancée, Miss Ford, yesterday. Miss Ford is owner of the proprietor of the They met a few weeks ago at Beckett has been staying.

A CLEVER BOWLER

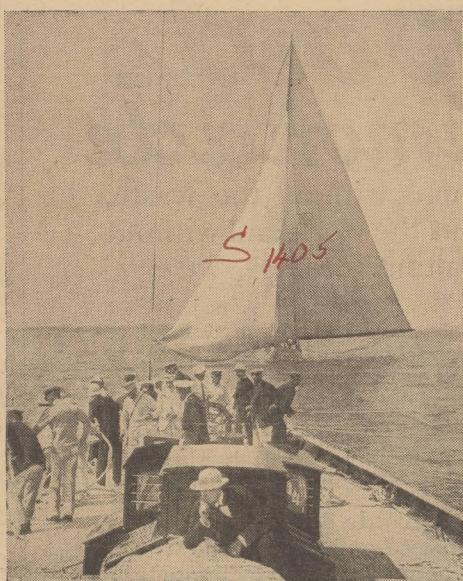


Fred Mather, a thirteenth-year-old bowler, of St. Mary's School, Putney, who has taken 116 wickets for 2.34 runs each this season. This includes two hat tricks.

“AQUAPLANING” FOR SPEED THRILLS



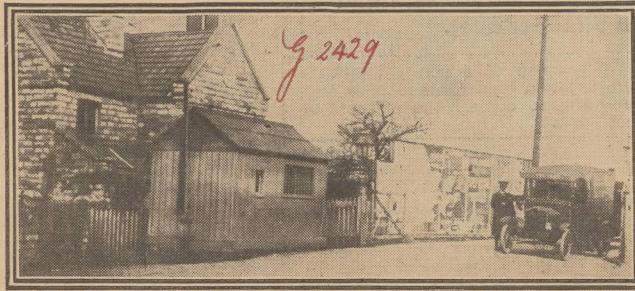
Aquaplaning—as the Americans call this thrilling amusement—is all the rage on the Californian coast. The planks are drawn by motor-boats, and at times the speed equals thirty miles an hour.



The King and the Duke of Connaught near the wheel of Britannia. Behind is Nyria.



Alderman H. E. David, of Gravesend, who, on his eighty-second birthday, received a letter from the Prince of Wales.



£22,000 FOR A TOLL?—The last toll-gate in Wales, on the road from Cardiff to its seaside neighbour, Penarth. Negotiations are proceeding between the Cardiff Corporation and the Penarth Council and the Marquis of Bute, the owner, for its extinction, and the price asked is stated to be £22,000.



THE STRONG PULL.—A tug-of-war on horseback by Bucks and Berks Yeomen at their sports. The horses take it far more calmly than the men and one has even resumed his lunch.



A LITTLE SWEEP.—Left, little Leon Gillespie as a sweep and (right) Miss Joan Emms as grandma, two children, who took first prizes for fancy dress at Folkestone Hospital fete.



SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

No. 96.—POPSKI ATTACKS PETS, GETS BITTEN BY LOBSTER BUT—ESCAPES.



1. Squeak thought that something unpleasant was likely to happen when Pip walked under a ladder.



2. They ran to the sands, and Wilfred started to dig. Squeak still kept worrying.



3. Sure enough there was danger—the wily Popski, the Boishy hound, had tracked them down!



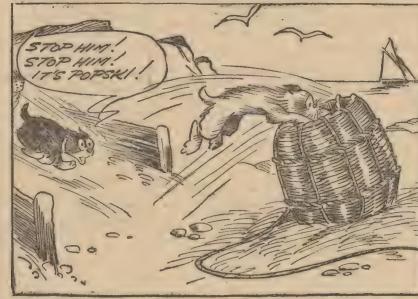
4. How could he approach the pets without being seen? Under a newspaper, he crept towards them.



5. Suddenly, when he was near Wilfred, he gave a savage growl and sprang out behind the paper.



6. While Squeak snatched up Wilfred into her arms Pip tore at the cowardly Popski.



7. Off they raced across the sands. Seeing a big lobster pot, Popski jumped inside.



8. He was soon out again, however, when a big lobster nipped his tail! Pip hit the basket so hard—



9. —that when he recovered Popski had gone. Squeak was quite hysterical for some time afterwards.

BIG-TOE AND PEARLY-TOOTH, THE PREHISTORIC CHILDREN.



1. Pearly-tooth had a jolly little hammock, but where was she to hang it?



2. "I know!" cried Big-toe, as he noticed the camel without a hump.



3. He tied the hammock under the funny creature's neck—just like that.



4. Then, when the camel began to eat, Pearly-tooth had a nice little rest.

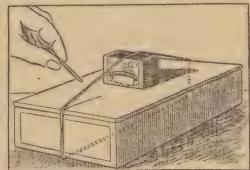


A MUSICAL "BOX"

A Baby Could Make This Jolly Toy.

WOULD you like to make a real little musical "box"? Not one of those square boxes which you have to wind up before they will play a tune, but a simple little instrument on which you can play your own tunes.

You need only three things—a flat cardboard box, a matchbox and one



How the box is made.

of those rubber or elastic bands which business people put round letters.

Now, are you ready? Place the matchbox, sideways up, on the cardboard box (see illustration). Now

DEAL AND DOVER TO-DAY.
Pip, Squeak and Wilfred will appear by the Bandstand at 11.30 this morning, and this afternoon at 2.30 they will hold a reception at DOVER (also by the Bandstand).

pass the elastic right round the cardboard box and over the top.

Your musical box is now complete, and all you have to do is to play it. Flick the elastic with a match or a hairpin, and you get a musical note. By moving the matchbox up and down you will be able to change your notes, and even play a tune.



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, Aug. 11, 1923.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred will take a much-deserved holiday to-morrow after one of the busiest and most interesting weeks of their lives. When I told you that the pets' summer tour this year would be 1,000 miles long I was hopelessly wrong—already since they left London for the Yorkshire coast they have travelled over 1,000 miles. You see, they do not travel as the crow flies, and in dozens of cases have gone out of their way to visit their boy and girl friends in remote country villages.

There is one present the pets would like more than anything else during this tropical weather. If you have any ice to spare, do bring them a lump; if you feel particularly generous, you might present them with a block of ice, so that Squeak can sit on it and imagine she is once again in her island home.

MOST POPULAR "COLLECTING" CRAZE.

How many Children's Savings Certificates have you collected up to date? Collecting these certificates is becoming far more a craze than collecting cigarette pictures, and it certainly is more profitable. For instance, you may collect several sets of cigarette pictures, but what are they actually worth? Collecting Children's Savings Certificates is not only good fun, but you have the happy feeling that you are also saving money for a rainy day. Ninety-six of these Certificates are worth one shilling, and a shilling—if you are not too old—is a most comfortable coin to jingle in one's pocket.

Get your grown-up friends to help you collect; already, perhaps, they supply you with cigarette cards—ask them to "concentrate" in the future on Children's Savings Certificates.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

LOOK FOR B's.
Win £2 10s. for Your Summer Holidays.

HOW many things beginning with the letter B can you see in the little seaside picture below? There is Bathing-machine and Boat and—but there! I mustn't give them all away!

Just look for yourself, and, when you have found as many B's as you can, make a neat list of them on a postcard, and send it, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Dick



(B), "Pip and Squeak," care of *The Daily Mirror*, 29, Bouvierie-street, London, E.C.4.

For the correct and neatest entries I am awarding the following splendid money prizes:

First Prize	£2 10 0
Second Prize	2 0 0
Third Prize	10 0
Forty Prizes of	5 0
Forty Prizes of	2 6

Only children under sixteen may enter for this competition, and no entries received later than August 18 can be considered.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE ADVENTURES?

I AM GOING TO VISIT MONTY MOUSE.

THERE IS HIS LITTLE HOUSE.

THIS IS THE BEACH.

COME AND SEE MR. MONTY.

WHY DON'T YOU SAY STORK?

I WILL TAKE YOU FOR A SWIM.

JUMP ON TO MY BACK!

YOUR WINGS MAKE A LOVELY BOAT!

I WILL PRETEND TO BE A DUCK.

HAPPY DEAR, I AM COMING HOME.

SHE WILL THINK I HAVE BEEN HAVING A REST.

SHES CAN'T SEE ME!

JOH DEAP, I TALKED TO YOU.

GO AWAY, NAUGHTY PUSSY!

THAT'S THAT HAS TAUGHT PUSSY A LESSON!

BYE-BYE PUSSY!

MURDOCK SPYING!

LIKE SAMMY STORK AND MONTY MOUSE?

ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:

Our little Parrot has a "few words" with a bad-tempered Baa-baa Black Sheep.



1. Helpful Horace had just learnt a nursery rhyme, and he was very proud of it.



2. So, when he saw the black sheep browsing near by, he went up and recited it.



3. But the sheep had just been sheared, and I'm afraid he was rather rude to Horace!

NEW TOWER SCHOOL SERIAL.



FOR NEW READERS.

Ralph Royston, of Tower School, known to his friends as Scorch, learns that his young brother has got into a scrape with the school bully, Noakes. He determines to clear matters up.

JUST LEAVE IT TO ME!"

IT was some time before Scorch could find his brother, and when he did he quickly saw that Jack had been crying.

For a moment he felt almost disgusted, but then he remembered that Jack was only ten and that this was his first term at boarding-school. All the same, it wouldn't do for the other boys to see him like this.

"Cheer up!" laughed Scorch. "What's the trouble, anyway?"

"It's nothing," replied Jack, quickly wiping his eyes.

"Come on," urged his brother, not unkindly, "you'd better tell me. What have you been up to? Smashed any windows, or broken bounds, or—"

"It's worse than that," muttered the smaller boy. "You see, Noakes said he could get me a new cricket bat, and it would cost seven and six. He said he knew someone who kept a shop and could get it cheap."

"Well?" Scorch was looking very grim.

"So I asked him to get it for me. And then when I'd got it he said he meant seventeen and

six, and, well, I'd not got more than eight shillings."

"So what did you do?"

Jack hung his head. At last he continued, "Noakes said he'd let me off the extra ten shillings if I'd be his fag."

"And serve you jolly well right," put in his brother. "But I don't see anything very terrible in all that."

"But he makes me break bounds and go to different village to get cigarettes for him. And to say he said I must have that extra ten shillings, and if I don't let him have it by next week he'll tell the Head that I've been breaking bounds."

Scorch gave a long whistle. "So that's it, is it? You know, it really serves you right for being such a young idiot. You might have guessed that Noakes was up to no good. Anyway, it's a good thing you've told me—I'll be able to give him a good hiding."

"But we'll have to give him the money," said his brother anxiously.

"Not unless the hat's worth it," replied Scorch. "And even then I don't know that

his brother. "It's lucky I've got the ten shillings Uncle David gave me, but it's going to leave me without a penny."

Jack's eyes lit up. "Thanks awfully, Ralph," he mumbled.

"That's all right," said Scorch, patting his brother on the back. "Cheer up. Just leave it to me, and everything will come right."

He hurried off, a frown on his usually happy face. After a short search he found Noakes, and he walked straight up to him. The bully was leaning against a wall, smoking a cigarette.

The two boys looked quickly at the new arrival, and for a moment a hint of fear came into their eyes. But they knew that they held the whip hand, and Noakes forced a smile.

"Well?" he asked.

Scorch glared at him. "I always knew you were a cad," he said, "but I didn't think you'd rob a first form junior."

"Look here, Royston," blustered the bully, "I'm not going to stand that. Your brother over me, and I'll tell the Head about it."

Scorch nodded. "I know the whole story," he snapped. "Well, here's your ten shillings, and he tossed the note towards the other. "Now give me that L.O.U., you made my brother sign."

The slip of paper was passed over, but Scorch did not go. "You'd better just remember this," he said. "If I ever catch you talking to my younger brother again I'll give you such a hiding that you'll forget it."

Noakes smiled a sickly smile. "And suppose I still tell the Head about your brother breaking bounds and buying cigarettes?"

Scorch laughed. "You daren't!" he scoffed. "That sort o' tale's all right to scare first form boys, but it doesn't frighten me."

And with another scornful laugh he walked away.

As soon as he had disappeared, Noakes turned to his friend. "I hate that chap!" he said savagely. "I'd do anything to get him into a scrape."

"So would I!" agreed Benson, for he, too, had no reason to like Scorch. Suddenly a look of excitement came into his eyes. "And I think I know how we can do it," he added.

(There will be another grand instalment of this exciting serial story next week.)



"Just leave everything to me," said Scorch.

we need. After all, he played a rotten trick on you and—"

"But I signed an L.O.U. paper," put in Jack miserably.

"Well, you are a champion ass!" laughed I

TIDES OF FATE

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER.



"Clear off," said Grönte. "And see here, Whitfield, if your manners don't improve between here and Genoa—The offending steward took himself off.

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

NANCY SHERIDAN, employed as typist to a Lady Rockmore, Samuel Prud' Fleet-street, is dismissed because she received her annual and is threatened with penury. A cheapskate individual "blows in" by name Payne Whitfield, to discharge a tailor's bill for which Prud' has been dunning him.

He tells Nancy that he is the son of a wealthy man who disbelieves in his commercial capabilities, and has offered him one hundred pounds with which to go round the world and "make good." He fails to tell her it is as much as when he is worthy of the hand of Lady Clara Montebello.

Samuel Prud' dismisses Nancy, however, is only a ruse to get her in his power. He has lately made the wife of old Claudio Rockmore, an eccentric millionaire, his mistress. In many hours vast Nancy, has made her the sole legatee of his vast fortune—a fortune which includes the possession of an island containing a rich pearl-fishery. Nancy is ignorant of this great inheritance, and ignorant of Samuel Prud' s schemes to make her to an unscrupulous Scandinavian aristocrat, Count Wilmar Grönte. Half of Nancy's fortune goes to her husband when she marries, and Prud' s idea is to share in the pleasure.

Old Mr. Rockmore dies and Prud' hurriedly arranges for Nancy's departure with Count Grönte's mother, an secretary-companion on a long voyage. Wilmar Grönte accompanies them with the idea of passing through Monte Carlo and the French Riviera. At Monte Carlo Payne Whitfield—who has lost all his money at the tables, is taken on the yacht as steward.

THE COUNT MOVES.

PAYNE WHITFIELD went slowly down the companion way to the Seagull's pantry quarters. He was shot through and through with a peculiar sensation which might be described as pins and needles. From top to toe he tingled; the palms of his hands itched so violently that when the cabin boy got in his way he administered a cuff on the ears to the youngster.

Mr. Borrage, resting in shirt-sleeved ease, looked up from the thrilling novel of adventure he was reading.

"Now then, Whitfield—what's the matter?" the cabin steward inquired placidly.

"Nothing's the matter," said Payne furiously. "His lordship wants a bottle of—

"Right."

Borrage didn't need to be told what it was his lordship wanted. He flung over his keys to Payne. "Get it out, Whitfield. 'Bob, fetch a wine glass, tray and a bowl of chipped ice, and look lively."

"I dunno what he hit me for," the cabin boy muttered sullenly.

"Don't you act in the way, lad," said the pacific Mr. Borrage. "Don't never get in the way of a busy man . . . That's right. One of these days you'll be a steward, young if you're not as neat and quick as this. Now a wine glass, my lad—one of the thin-stemmed ones."

"Two," said Payne, emerging at that moment from the wine cupboard.

"How's that?" inquired Borrage.

"Two," said Payne, repeated between set teeth. "That's what I want to bring."

The chief steward threw a glance at the cabin boy and raised his eyebrows. Bob was only fourteen, and Mr. Borrage never talked scandal in his presence.

"I see," he said thoughtfully. "Her ladyship and Miss Peters have retired, I suppose. Somehow I was expecting this."

"The deuce you were!" Payne lashed out.

Again Mr. Borrage's eyebrows lifted. What did it signify to Whitfield that the count should wish to indulge in a midnight tête-à-tête with pretty Miss Sheridan?

From somewhere up above sounded the shrill screech of the siren announcing the yacht's intention of moving on. A clang of bells followed, then the slow rhythmic beat of the engines and churning of the screw. A breeze wafted down into the spotlessly clean but stuffy gallery.

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

"Thank goodness, we'll get a breath of air now," remarked Borrage stretching out his shippered feet and returning with a sigh of satisfaction to his book.

It was an interesting enigma, he had given up Payne Whitfield. Part of the enigma Mr. Borrage had solved to his own satisfaction, but he saw no reason to pass on his discovery to anyone else. This Whitfield was a queer creature. He had done something before in his life in the nature of waiting on other people, but he was trying hard to learn how to do it. He was certainly a "trier," and he had brains. The chief steward was fairly content. He didn't want a foreigner messin' around in his pantry. He wanted a steward who could keep him company, as it were; particularly since companionship was unavoidable in the close quarters of the sleeping cabin they shared.

Payne lifted the tray, which was now in order, and marched out of the pantry.

The cabin-boy giggled as the cabin-boy door swung shut behind him.

"Mr. Whitfield's sweet on Miss Sheridan," he said.

"What?"

"It's right, what I'm tellin' you. She was up early this morning showing him how to do his work. Maybe she's sweet on him, too."

"You just shut up and mind your own business, lad. What do you know about such things, anyway?"

"Nawthung," said the boy sulksily.

"Then say, nawthung."

The boy said it in effect, and Mr. Borrage returned once more to his book.

* * * * *

"You've taken your time, steward," drawled Wilmar Grönte, when the silver tray with its fragile burden was clashed heavily onto the table which had been drawn forward to receive it.

"Sorry, my lord. 'Ope I haven't kept you waiting too long."

"And see here, Whitfield, if your manners don't improve between here and Genoa—"

The offending steward took himself off, and Wilmar Grönte leaned forward and filled the slender-stemmed glasses. The yacht was off Monte Carlo now, and just ahead—coming rapidly closer—were the lights of Bordighera. From behind the next point presently would emerge San Remo.

Nancy, who knew every promontory of the coast from the maps in the guide-book, wished that she were alone to enjoy this wonderful hour. She took but a sip or two of the wine, and declined positively the cigarette Grönte tried to make her accept.

She wanted to think out the whole wonderful story by herself—that she was really here, where often she had dreamed of being; and the reality was even more beautiful than the dream. She mustn't let herself forget, however, how the Grönte had been to give her this great pleasure. It was little enough to make herself agreeable to Count Wilmar. Why let Payne Whitfield disturb her? She couldn't work out his destiny for him.

"Don't move!"

Grönte's voice was a caressing whisper.

She had been sitting with her head thrown back, a flood of pale moonlight playing full upon her white throat, but the duty of making polite conversation had impelled her to a less lazy attitude.

"Don't move," Grönte repeated. "You are perfect as you are. I've been studying your profile. It's remarkably fine." He gave the last word its French pronunciation. "You are altogether fine, Mam'selle, la typiste. You are so much more, that one laughs to think how easily mistakes are made. Mamma knows—she is very clever, my charming mother. She said to me, at first, that you were a very young person! But that I saw for myself—yes, the coast is wonderful to-night. How fortunate we are to have the moon. There's Ospedeltti. Have you read Dr. Antonio?"

Thus Grönte set her at ease again, relieving the personal tension.

No, she had not read Ruffini's great little masterpiece.

I've been meaning to, but old novels aren't always easy to get hold of," she confessed.

"I got a copy of 'Dr. Antonio' in my cabin," said Grönte. "To-morrow you shall have it."

"Oh, thank you!"

Nancy's head whirled with conflicting emotions. She liked Wilmar Grönte, yet at the same time she didn't like him.

"I really think I ought to say good-night now. It must be very late." She got up decisively.

Her decision, however, was all on the surface. The night of silver moonlight had crept into her blood; Grönte's voice had provoked a longing in her, although it was not a longing for him.

Overlooking Covent Garden, from the Allens and

Mr. Rockmore! She would never see Mr. Rockmore again. Not in this world, anyway. But would he ever see the Allens?

She had felt the softness of her little "third floor back." And here she was at the moment she didn't feel absolutely safe.

"You're going?" Your cheek feels a little damp." Grönte's white hands touched her shoulders; just a matter-of-fact pat or two. It would be silly to shrink away.

But suddenly Nancy was face to face with him on his progress to the companionway, and another step would have landed her in his arms.

At that crucial moment ghost rose up in the head of the ladder-like flight of stairs—Olga Peters, in trailing white draperies.

FALSE AND TRUE.

"I COULDN'T sleep," she said in an exhausted voice. "Wilmar, will you talk to me? Oh, Miss Sheridan—I didn't know—"

But whether Olga knew or not, Nancy did not care. She flew down to her cabin and bolted the door after herself.

Olga stood there breathing heavily, her hands pressed to her heart. She was stupid, silly, she told herself furiously. Nothing had happened at all, and she was behaving like an idiot, to be upset because Wilmar Grönte had spoken in that silky, caressing way, and touched her shoulders to see if her wrap was wet with dew. He had exactly the same manner with his mother and cousin.

But those curious eyes of his—something had darted out at her from them, something terrifying in his unexpected eyes. Did he know that snare face he showed to the world?

A light tap sounded at the door, and Nancy held her breath while her heart beat faster.

"Are you there, Miss Sheridan?"

It was Payne Whitfield's voice, and she gave a quiet gasp of relief as she replied:

"Oh—yes. What is it?"

"Nothing. Just—I wondered if there was anything you might want."

"No, nothing." She opened the door and smiled wanly at Payne. "I've got everything I need, but it's kind of you to bother."

"That's what I'm here for," he said grimly. "How big he loomed in the narrow passage."

"You shouldn't be saucy to Count Wilmar, though," Nancy said.

"No. Not if I want to remain on board this boat—and I do."

The tap was not, but there was nothing in Payne Whitfield's clear gaze to startle her.

"Good-night," she said, and closed the door.

She felt perfectly tranquil now.

A great pity she hadn't used the opportunity to put in a good word for Mr. Whitfield with Count Wilmar with it was really Mr. Whitfield's fault. The way he had spoken and banged down the tray had been rude and intemperate indeed. Why had he behaved like that? Enlightenment came to Nancy as she sat before the mirror brushing out her splendid hair, and she flushed pinkly over her perplexed image.

Count Wilmar didn't like her sitting on deck with Count Wilmar? Perhaps, to his way of thinking, the bottle of champagne and the two glasses gave an air to their tête-à-tête which made it appear undesirable. Nancy scowled at herself. Mr. Whitfield wasn't her keeper.

As she braided her hair, her face wore its expression of deep thoughtfulness. Some day she would have the courage to ask him who the beautiful girl next to her had been riding with him in the Row.

By the time she fell asleep she had put Wilmar Grönte completely out of her mind.

In the morning the coast had all vanished; just a faint misty line on the left, with the mountains lost in the clouds. It was windy, with little squalls of rain sweeping the decks.

In a few hours, by lunch-time, probably, they would arrive at Genoa, and Nancy dressed herself in going-as-hire clothes. The Countess Grönte had spoken of a lace and needlework exhibition which she had seen advertised to be held in a famous palace belonging to the Doria family, and last night had announced her intention of visiting it.

But when they had actually come to anchor in the harbour and lunch was over, it suddenly developed that Nancy was to be left out of the going-as-hire party. The Countess wished to take her maid to the exhibition with a view to mutual consultation on purchases of lace, and there was some mending which must be done that afternoon.

They all went off in the dinghy, with Borrage as well. He had marketing to do.

Hiding her disappointment, Nancy smiled and waved them farewell, then returned to the big saloon, where the maid had left a workbasket and the articles to be repaired.

As she sat there, bent over her sewing, Payne came up with a tray of clean glassware and plates.

Another fine instalment on Monday.

Cadbury's Chocolates

KING GEORGE ASSORTMENT

1/-
PER QTR POUND



4/-
PER POUND

REGATTA ASSORTMENT 1 lb. 1/-

TRAY CHOCOLATES (MILK & PLAIN) 1 lb. 9d.

CADBURY'S MILK CHOC. & BOURNVILLE 1/2 lb. BLOCKS 1/3

CADBURY'S MILK CHOC. & B'VILLE 3d. 4d. 6d. 8d. 1/- & 1/4
PACKETS

MADE AT BOURNVILLE

See the name CADBURY on every piece of Chocolate



Nancy Sheridan.

ANOTHER HAT TRICK BY SMIRKE AT LEWES RACES

Victories on Aquatic, Katie and Played Out.

RHYTHM AGAIN.

Sale Ticket Too Good for Forerunner at Ayr.

Lewes races, the last fixture of the Sussex fortnight, opened yesterday under ideal conditions. For the second time in a week Smirke had the distinction of riding three winners in an afternoon, Aquatic, Katie and Played Out furnishing him with successful rides. It was also the last day of Canterbury cricket week. Chief features of the day's occurrences were:

Racing—Four favourites were successful at Lewes and three at Ayr. Donoghue met nearer top place in the winning jockeys' list, with another two visitors at the Southern meeting.

Crickets—Scored their twenty-first win of the season—second for the championship. Lancashire dismissed Notts minus J. Gunn and Staples—for 61.

TO-DAY'S PROSPECTS.

Brisl's Chance in Lewes Handicap—Ayr Pointers.

By BOUVIERE.

A week's racing, that has been by no means distinguished, winds up at Lewes and Ayr this afternoon, with sport of the type that is forgotten as soon as it is over.

Two fairly interesting handicaps certainly figure on the card at the Sussex meeting, and it is by no means unlikely that Captain Hogg will win them both—with Brisl and Dumas.

The former is up against some smart handi-cappers in Tomatin, Silvester and Tomahawk in the Lewes Handicap, but he has been very



Jack Sharp, the Lancashire jockey, who played a great part in his side's victory at Ayr.



C. Smirke, who won the hat trick at Lewes yesterday on Aquatic, Katie and Played Out.

SMIRKE'S LUCKY WEEK.

Ingham Resumes Riding at Lewes—Double for Donoghue.

Another fine performance by Smirke, who repeated his "hat trick" of Tuesday, was the outstanding feature of some interesting racing at Lewes yesterday. The youngster had only three mounts—Aquatic, Katie and Played Out—and all three were successful.

Buster at Brighton ended in the week, Katie was not so well handled as either Belize or Compiler in the Dr. Warrenne Handicap, but she turned the tables on the latter in decisive fashion, and stayed on long enough to beat Charles Surface by a neck.

Kitswist, as usual, showed a brilliant turn of speed in the early stages, but unfortunately he was not short enough for her, and in the end she was pegged back into fourth place behind Pretty Dick.

Ingham resumed riding in the Wallabies Handicap, and though he had a bad start, unfortunately is out of action he appears very likely to again finish on top at the end of the season in spite of a poor start.

Archie Lawrie was the only one backed to beat A. Gouldman in the Stannover Plate, but although she finished second her chance had gone from the moment Donoghue sent the favourite to the front at the entrance to the straight.

Jimmy Scott made a valiant attempt to win the Castle Plate and in a field of twenty-one only went under by a short head to Gracie Gay, who got off in front and stayed there.

Final results of the race at Ayr:

SELECTIONS FOR LEWES.	
1.20.—FLINTHAM.	3. 0.—GOLDEN WAY.
2.0.—SUNDAY.	3.30.—BRISL.
2.30.—RAMBLER.	4.25.—DUMAS; fit ab.
2.30.—COPDORF.	TOYTOMA.
2.0.—RIBBLESDALE.	AVR.
2.30.—COCK CROW.	5. 0.—MUNSTER'S PRIDE.
DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.	
RIBBLESDALE and MUNSTER'S PRIDE.	

consistent all the season, and 6st, 13lb. is not a big weight for such an improving three-year-old.

Both Tomatin and Silvester would probably appreciate a longer journey, and chief danger to Brisl may come from Tomahawk and Snell, the latter of whom runs in preference to Trossach Girl.

DUMAS' ENGAGEMENTS.

Dumas is nicely handicapped on his best form in the Telscombe Handicap, but I notice he is engaged in a much more valuable race next week. If he runs to-day I think he will win. In his absence Toyotama may be good enough.

Archie Lawrie takes his chance in the Hansey Weller, and it is probable that Lord Carnarvon, who has been riding him at exercise recently, will have the mount. The colt, however, hardly appears an ideal mount for an amateur, and I prefer the speedy Golden Way.

Elliott was to have ridden Spring Running in the Maiden Stakes, but his Brighton mishap will necessitate other arrangements being made. In the final Clapton Orient and Brentford have trial matches in London to-day, Cheeses will hold one on Monday.

Munster's Pride and Cock Crow are the only Newmarket runners at Ayr, and as Double Gift ran yesterday, the latter may be good enough to win the Kyle Plate. Munster's Pride appears to have an easy task in the Carrick Plate.

The locally-trained My Bird is expected to repeat a success at the previous meeting in the Eglington Handicap, but from all accounts there is likely to be stout opposition from Bold Knight.

COURSE AND TRAINING NEWS.

Points from Tattersall's, the Track and the Paddock.

Donoghue rides Snell and Flintham for the Duke of Portland at Lewes to-day.

* * *

The three-year-old Sprig o' Myrtle has left Ogbourne for shipment to Africa.

* * *

Elliott is making a satisfactory recovery from his fall on Peroration at Brighton on Thursday.

* * *

Spear, who was shaken by the fall of Alarie at Alexandra Park, hopes to be riding again in a few days.

* * *

Espeardale, the Stewards' Cup winner, has arrived at Deauville. He competes in a race there on Wednesday.

* * *

Fancy Boy, who broke down during the race for the Shambles Plate at Brighton on Wednesday, has been destroyed.

* * *



A popular feature of Canterbury cricket week.

SPORTING POLICE.

City Guardians of Law and Order at Stamford Bridge To-day.

The athletic meeting of the City Police at Stamford Bridge to-day should attract good support. Police sports are notably well conducted, and the "City" fixture is one of the best of its kind.

In addition to many police events, there are six open contests, two Middlesex county championships, and two wrestling events.

Entries are splendid, and men like John Mills in the 100 yards, 56 in the 220 yards, and 67 seconds in the half-mile and mile, and 55 in the walk.

R. Mills, the Marathon runner, sent an entry for the half-mile and mile, which was received by Mr. J. Johnson, and Mr. P. M. Black in the half-mile and M. R. D. Pugh and D. A. Trieb in the mile are prominent competitors.

Pugh is also entered in the Middlesex middle-distance race, and he should figure in a game race with

the others. The Middlesex county championships have drawn five entrants, including F. R. Gaby, the A.A.A. champion.

The back-marksmen in the sprint and furiously handicap race, E. T. Tomlinson, G. V. Varney, and in the walk, G. H. Watt, G. R. Goodwin, E. C. Horton and J. B. Belcherham will be the short-start men. There are eleven teams in the open relay race.

H. H. Hill, the annual sports of the Grosvenor Hotel Club will be held. Two other meetings within easy reach of London are the sports of the Royal Air Force Records Office, at Ruislip Aerodrome, and the Dagenham United Cricket and Athletic Club meeting.

WEEK-END ANGLING.

Good Sport with Bream on the Norfolk Broads.

The Thames is very low and bright as a result of the hot, dry weather, but anglers are making fair mixed baskets early and late. Dace, gudgeon, roach and perch have been the principal finds, and chub and bream have been landed occasionally.

A catch of over 50lb. of bream has been made by two anglers on Barton Broad (Norfolk), and some good bream have been taken in the Witham, and drains near Boston (Lincolnshire).

DAVIS CUP LAWN TENNIS.

First Day's Honours Even in Tie Between Japan and Australia.

At the end of the first day's play in the American zone final of the Davis Lawn Tennis Cup competition between Australia and Japan, at Chicago, each country had won one match.

Stanley (Australia) beat Hawkes (Australia) 6-4, 3-6, 2-6, 6-1, 6-2; Anderson (Australia) beat Fukuda (Japan) 6-1, 3-6, 6-2, 6-1.

RITCHIE IN FINAL.

Veteran Lawn Tennis Player to Meet J. M. Hillyard at Amherst.

M. J. G. Ritchie and J. M. Hillyard qualified for the final of the men's singles at the Amherst-on-the-Hill lawn tennis tournament yesterday. A battle of veterans was fought in the semi-final between Ritchie and H. R. Fussell, but the Worthing player was beaten 6-2, 1-6, 6-2. Hillyard defeated the Cambridge University Blue, S. M. Hadi, with a score of 6-1, 6-1, 6-2.

Miss Rodocanachi beat Miss Gould without the loss of a game, and now meets Mrs. Satterthwaite in the final of the women's singles, the latter having beaten Mrs. Clegg by 6-4, 6-3.

In the semi-final of the men's doubles J. M. Hillyard and W. Radcliffe beat G. Crole Rees and Dr. A. H. Pyeze, and in the same stage of the women's doubles Mrs. Satterthwaite and Miss Peggy Ingram were successful. The latter also entered for final of the mixed doubles partnered by W. Radcliffe.

WOMEN TOURISTS IN U.S.

The Englishwomen lawn tennis tourists have been drawn as follows in the American national championships: First quarter, Mrs. Beamish v. Miss Eleanor Sears; second quarter, Mrs. Clayton v. Mrs. Gandy; third quarter, Miss McKane v. Miss Louise Dixon; fourth quarter, Mrs. Carroll v. Miss Gertrude Hopper. Mrs. Mallory drew a bye in the fourth quarter.

YORKS' 21ST WIN.

Kent Beaten by Bowling of Guise and Stevens.

O'CONNOR'S GREAT STAND.

Bowlers came into their own again yesterday on wickets left moist by heavy showers overnight.

Parker, with thirteen wickets for 150 runs, had a big share in Gloucester's five-wicket win over Worcester.

Tate has made so many spectacular performances this season, again helped Sussex to win in the Welsh county's second innings at Cardiff.

These have been West, Gloucester, Warwickshire and Browne, who went through the Somerset second innings unchanged. Browne helped himself to six of the wickets for 66 and Francis claimed the other four for 58, so that the whole match the tourists gave away was nearly seven extra wickets.

Yorkshire set up a new championship record by gaining their twenty-first victory yesterday. This is the first time such a number of wins has been achieved by any club since the inauguration of the championship in 1873.

The champions' latest victims were Leicester, whose early play yesterday led no one to imagine that they were going to take a fight. Kilner and Kilner caused a rapid fall of wickets, Rhodes in particular bowling with great skill. The game was all over before lunch, Yorkshire having a margin of an innings and 74 runs.

SHARP'S FORCEFUL BATTING.

Lancashire did well to win 203 on tricky wickets at Old Trafford. The forceful batting of John Sharp and H. Tydeley was very good to watch. The captain's 44 was a good effort in retrieving the unpromising overnight position, which was then discussed for thanks to brilliant bowling by Parker and H. Dales.

Makepeace and Hallows hit off the runs necessary and gave Lancashire a ten-wicket win.

Middlesex defeated Kent with seven wickets to the credit of Captain G. S. Stevens and J. L. Guise covered a promising career by the home side in a steady procession. Guise disposed of John Bryan, Seymour, Woolley and Ashdown in four overs and one ball for 9 runs. Middlesex were left to score 100 with this in mind, and three more runs were added by F. T. Mann, Hendren and H. D. Dales.

J. H. Mann made a very welcome reappearance for Warwick against Northants, and out of a total of 202 for five wickets, with Captain de Carteret declared, he contributed 100, making 163 for 5.

When the Hunts second innings closed at Leyton, Essex were left to get 181 to win with plenty of time in which to score. They started badly, however.

Only O'Connor could play the bowling of Newman and Kennedy with confidence, and the burden of the match rested on his shoulders. With a fine century he carried the side to a very praiseworthy win by three wickets.

CRICKET SCORE BOARD.

LEICESTER v. YORKSHIRE—At Leicester.

Leicester.—First Innings: 123. Second Innings: 106. Atstell 27, G. Salmon not 28. Bowling: Rhodes 4 for 30.

Yorkshire.—First Innings: 151. Second Innings: 311. Yorkshire won by an innings and 74 runs.

GLoucester v. WORCESTER—At Bristol.

Gloucester.—First Innings: 253. Second Innings: 110. Atwell 27, Green 41. Bowling: 4 for 100.

Worcester.—First Innings: 185. Second Innings: 255. M. K. Foster 121, Fox 43, G. E. Abel 50. Bowling: Parker 6 for 78.

CLIFTON v. CLERMONT—At Cardiff.

Clifton.—First Innings: 181. Second Innings: 338. Glamorgan—First Innings: 161. Second Innings: 183. T. R. Morris 25, Baden Powell 32. Bowling: 4 for 175 runs.

ESSEX v. HAMPSHIRE—At Leyton.

Hampshire.—First Innings: 277. Second Innings: 204. Hampshire 25, Baden Powell 20, Bowring 24, Ainslie 26. Bowing: 4 for 172 runs.

Essex.—First Innings: 301. Second Innings: 183 for 7.

O'Connor 111, Suttor 60, won by 17 runs.

KENT v. MIDDELSOFT—At Canterbury.

Kent.—First Innings: 445. Second Innings: 159. J. L. Bryan 35, G. J. Bryan 53. Bowling: Stevens 5 for 41.

Middlesex.—First Innings: 457; Lee 78. Bowling: Colins 3 for 95, Freeman 4 for 135. Second Innings: 146 for 3; Manou 5 not out 7 wickets.

LAWRENCE v. NOTTS—At Mansfield.

Notts.—First Innings: 251. Second Innings: 61. Bowing: Tydeley (R.) 3 for 5, Hickmott 3 for 15.

Leicestershire.—First Innings: 203; Hallows 26. Trickey 25, Sharp 44, Tydeley 19, Hickmott 32, Cok 34. Bowling: Richmond 3 for 65, Flint 4 for 51. Second Innings: 111 for no wkt.; Makepeace not 62, Hallows not 52.

WARRICK v. NORTHANTS—At Birmingham.

Warwick.—First Innings: 308. Second Innings: 127 for 5. Bellamy 29, J. W. Timms not 53. Match drawn.

SOMERSET v. W. INDIES—At Weston-super-Mare.

Weston-super-Mare.—First Innings: 206. Second Innings: 150. P. R. Johnson 36, M. D. Lyon 21. Bowling: Francis 4 for 58; Brown 6 for 66. West Indies won by 198 runs.

OTHER SPORT IN BRIEF.

Tonight at the Ring—Fred Starkey and Stanley Gien meet in the principal contest at the Ring-to-night.

Baseball in London.—The baseball game at Stamford Bridge at 3 p.m. tomorrow will be between the United States Shipping Board and the United Club.

British Legion Gala.—At Bromfield Park, Palmerston Green, W. 12. The British Legion, a branch of the British Legion, are holding their annual gala.

Boys' Tennis.—H. W. Austin, one of the most fancied competitors, won his singles in the schools' competition at the British Legion Tennis Club. R. Ritchie, a son of M. J. G. Ritchie, was also successful.

Spurs Fired.—At a meeting of the Football League Management Committee at Manchester yesterday, Tottenham Hotspur were fined £100 for failing to produce a player of Coventry City last April, and Coventry City were fined £25 for failing to report it to the League.

New York Parks.—At Madison Square Garden, New York, the Central District Springfield, Springfield Park, Liverpool, and North-Eastern Division: Victoria Park v. Springfield; West Ham Recreation Ground v. Highgate Fields, Mill Hill v. Finchley Park.

Cricket to-day.—The Oval, Surrey v. Middlesex (Ducat); Lancashire v. Gloucestershire; Warwickshire v. Lancashire; Warwick v. Hampshire; Nottinghamshire v. Leicestershire; Birmingham v. Warwick; v. Sussex; Weston-super-Mare v. Somerset; v. Kent; Worcester v. Worcester; v. Notts; v. Gloucester; Gloucester v. Essex.

AIR MOTOR-CYCLES.

Where Development of High Efficiency Engines Is Leading.

NEW NAME WANTED.

In October the Royal Aero Club is to decide competitions for what are known as motor-giders, but what are actually aerial motor-cycles. The capacity limitation is 750 c.c., which, in motor-cycle parlance, represents about 4-h.p. Nominal power and developed power are vastly different, and the disparity is greater in the British motor-cycle engine than in any other mechanical unit.

The 750 c.c. air-cooled internal combustion engine will develop enough power to ensure "lifting speed," and it will enable the gliding airman to keep aloft indefinitely. It may be said of the motor-glider that the engine is ahead of the structure.

What our designers have to do is to produce a miniature aeroplane which, structurally, is as sound as the power unit is efficient. I anticipate some remarkable aerostatics on the rolling downs of Lympstone in October.

The imaginative will conjure up extraordinary pictures of the flying motor-cycle, but the day may not be far distant when the public will be invited to buy motor-cycles which will travel on the road and in the air.

BROOKLANDS EXPERIMENTS.

Brooklands is the real nursery of the aerial motor-cycle, for it is on this peerless track that the racing men and the super-tuners have been able to develop the power-weight ratio of the modern motor-cycle. There is a select band of experts permanently situated at Brooklands.

Amateur racing men made a great deal of noise about their inability to compete on level terms with the factory-backed professionals in the Isle of Man, but since the special trophy race has been organised for private owners they are not jumping at the opportunity.

Olympia, with its extension, will house the motor-cycle and cycle exhibition unusually early this year. The display opens on October 15 and remains open for a week.

More records went by the board yesterday at Brooklands, when, driving a 490 c.c. Norton, R. J. Smith, of his own works, covered 218 miles at 75 yards (71.25 m.p.h.) in 3 hours, 284 miles at 1,749 yards (71.25 m.p.h.) in 4 hours, 356 miles at 443 yards (71.25 m.p.h.) in 5 hours, and 427 miles at 75 yards (71.25 m.p.h.) in 6 hours.

Two side-car records were also established. W. D. Marchant, on a Chater-Lea and side-car, covered 55 miles in 44m. 55.53s., and in one hour travelled 67 miles 354 yards.

L. H. C.

STREET CAR CHASE.

Driver Fined for Being Drunk at Wheel.

CASES TOO FREQUENT.

How men mounted the running boards of a car in order to stop it was described at Marlborough-street yesterday, when Hamilton Murray Ingledew was charged with being drunk while in charge of a motor-car, failing to stop after an accident and driving without lights.

Ingledew's car, it was stated, struck the back of a stationary car outside Murray's Club and went on.

Towards Regent-street a cry was raised by some of the onlookers, and as defendant did not stop they gave chase. It was owing to their action that the car was stopped by men who mounted the running boards.

"The number of these cases are increasing apparently," stated the police solicitor.

The magistrate said such cases were all too frequent, and the defendant must pay 40s. on the first charge and two guineas costs, £5 for driving in a dangerous manner, a shilling for failing to stop. His licence would be endorsed, and he would be disqualified from driving for six months.

TRAINER'S BONNY SON.

Prizewinner in "Weekly Dispatch" £500 Competition.

The names of this week's prizewinners in the great *Weekly Dispatch* "Bonny Children" competition, in which £500 in cash prizes is being awarded will be announced in to-morrow's "Best of the Bunch." The first prizewinner this week lives at St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Included in the other prizewinners is the bonny son of Mr. "Atty" Perse, the famous racing driver.

The popularity of the competition is typified by the overwhelming numbers of charming photographs of Britain's bonny childhood that have been received, so much so that this week the *Weekly Dispatch* has supplemented the usual number of prizes by two additional awards.

TO-DAY'S LEWES PROGRAMME AND YESTERDAY'S RETURNS.

1.30—MAIDEN T-N-O STAKES, 2 sows and 100: 51. Pictoria c..... Escott 9 Loyalty Davidson 8 11. Sunbeam R.D. D.W. 9 Princess Ciris f.... F.Scott 8 11. Standard 9 100. Starlet G.Sadler 7 2. Scarlet M'tg's 10 1/2 9 Hammonds Taylor 8 11. Irish Angel Whitaker 8 11. Diamond 100. Flimham Farquharson 11 1/2 9 Stratos G.Sadler 7 2. Herod's Pride G.Brown 8 11. Ponni Wootton 8 11. Above arrived. Colibri 100. Palermo Strickland 8 11. Bachelor's Vow 90. Syndal R.Leader 8 11. Van 100. The Salmon W.Wright 8 11. Skydight Wilton 9. Our Darling 100. Carusci F.Wilson 8 11. Overture Corrill 8 11. Wasp 100. Neck & Tail Cotton 8 11. Crusader's Pet R.Day 8 11. Racer Wilton 9 2.0—MOUNT HARRY (S) PLATE, 200 sows: 61. Shanghai Hammont 9 0. Bypo Tabor 8 11. Alice G.Poole 9. Smeston Lady c..... Pte 9 0. Ian Merchant 100. Turquoise F.Hartigan 9 0. Sunday Rambler Nag 9 0. Proposition g Scourf 9 0. Miniball Smyth 9 0. Above arrived. Racer Wilton 9 0. Juncula E. Martin 9 0. Neck & Tendon 9 0. 2.0—WELTER (S) H'CAP, 200 sows: 1m. London Pr'e G.Poole a 9 5 Telepathy Hare 9 5 5. Duncondon G.Best 9 5 5. Gold Coast 100. Fine Gold Wootton 8 11. Glen Eagle G.Poole 6 8 1/2 Aladios Dave 5 8 1/2. 7. Morris 7 9 1/2. 13. Darkness Morris 7 9 1/2. 20. Pickleloss W.Night 8 1/2. 26. Charlie's Mar Hogg 3 7. Medicate Tabo 5 7 1/2. 32. Star 100. 38. Kingfisher 100. 44. Black Foot-E.M.Tin 3 7 0. 2.30—WALLARDS H'CAP, 1m.—AQUATIC (73. Smirke), 1: ILMA DEMURESKA (10-1), 2: RORY O'NEILL (10-1), 3: LILIAN COOPER (10-1), 4: MARY STEPHENSON (10-1), 5: ROSE MARIE (10-1). Sun, Coast, Green Wheat, Care Free and John Charles (10-1). One: 100. 2: 100. 3: 100. 4: 100. 5: 100. 6: 100. 7: 100. 8: 100. 9: 100. 10: 100. 11: 100. 12: 100. 13: 100. 14: 100. 15: 100. 16: 100. 17: 100. 18: 100. 19: 100. 20: 100. 21: 100. 22: 100. 23: 100. 24: 100. 25: 100. 26: 100. 27: 100. 28: 100. 29: 100. 30: 100. 31: 100. 32: 100. 33: 100. 34: 100. 35: 100. 36: 100. 37: 100. 38: 100. 39: 100. 40: 100. 41: 100. 42: 100. 43: 100. 44: 100. 45: 100. 46: 100. 47: 100. 48: 100. 49: 100. 50: 100. 51: 100. 52: 100. 53: 100. 54: 100. 55: 100. 56: 100. 57: 100. 58: 100. 59: 100. 60: 100. 61: 100. 62: 100. 63: 100. 64: 100. 65: 100. 66: 100. 67: 100. 68: 100. 69: 100. 70: 100. 71: 100. 72: 100. 73: 100. 74: 100. 75: 100. 76: 100. 77: 100. 78: 100. 79: 100. 80: 100. 81: 100. 82: 100. 83: 100. 84: 100. 85: 100. 86: 100. 87: 100. 88: 100. 89: 100. 90: 100. 91: 100. 92: 100. 93: 100. 94: 100. 95: 100. 96: 100. 97: 100. 98: 100. 99: 100. 100: 100. 101: 100. 102: 100. 103: 100. 104: 100. 105: 100. 106: 100. 107: 100. 108: 100. 109: 100. 110: 100. 111: 100. 112: 100. 113: 100. 114: 100. 115: 100. 116: 100. 117: 100. 118: 100. 119: 100. 120: 100. 121: 100. 122: 100. 123: 100. 124: 100. 125: 100. 126: 100. 127: 100. 128: 100. 129: 100. 130: 100. 131: 100. 132: 100. 133: 100. 134: 100. 135: 100. 136: 100. 137: 100. 138: 100. 139: 100. 140: 100. 141: 100. 142: 100. 143: 100. 144: 100. 145: 100. 146: 100. 147: 100. 148: 100. 149: 100. 150: 100. 151: 100. 152: 100. 153: 100. 154: 100. 155: 100. 156: 100. 157: 100. 158: 100. 159: 100. 160: 100. 161: 100. 162: 100. 163: 100. 164: 100. 165: 100. 166: 100. 167: 100. 168: 100. 169: 100. 170: 100. 171: 100. 172: 100. 173: 100. 174: 100. 175: 100. 176: 100. 177: 100. 178: 100. 179: 100. 180: 100. 181: 100. 182: 100. 183: 100. 184: 100. 185: 100. 186: 100. 187: 100. 188: 100. 189: 100. 190: 100. 191: 100. 192: 100. 193: 100. 194: 100. 195: 100. 196: 100. 197: 100. 198: 100. 199: 100. 200: 100. 201: 100. 202: 100. 203: 100. 204: 100. 205: 100. 206: 100. 207: 100. 208: 100. 209: 100. 210: 100. 211: 100. 212: 100. 213: 100. 214: 100. 215: 100. 216: 100. 217: 100. 218: 100. 219: 100. 220: 100. 221: 100. 222: 100. 223: 100. 224: 100. 225: 100. 226: 100. 227: 100. 228: 100. 229: 100. 230: 100. 231: 100. 232: 100. 233: 100. 234: 100. 235: 100. 236: 100. 237: 100. 238: 100. 239: 100. 240: 100. 241: 100. 242: 100. 243: 100. 244: 100. 245: 100. 246: 100. 247: 100. 248: 100. 249: 100. 250: 100. 251: 100. 252: 100. 253: 100. 254: 100. 255: 100. 256: 100. 257: 100. 258: 100. 259: 100. 260: 100. 261: 100. 262: 100. 263: 100. 264: 100. 265: 100. 266: 100. 267: 100. 268: 100. 269: 100. 270: 100. 271: 100. 272: 100. 273: 100. 274: 100. 275: 100. 276: 100. 277: 100. 278: 100. 279: 100. 280: 100. 281: 100. 282: 100. 283: 100. 284: 100. 285: 100. 286: 100. 287: 100. 288: 100. 289: 100. 290: 100. 291: 100. 292: 100. 293: 100. 294: 100. 295: 100. 296: 100. 297: 100. 298: 100. 299: 100. 300: 100. 301: 100. 302: 100. 303: 100. 304: 100. 305: 100. 306: 100. 307: 100. 308: 100. 309: 100. 310: 100. 311: 100. 312: 100. 313: 100. 314: 100. 315: 100. 316: 100. 317: 100. 318: 100. 319: 100. 320: 100. 321: 100. 322: 100. 323: 100. 324: 100. 325: 100. 326: 100. 327: 100. 328: 100. 329: 100. 330: 100. 331: 100. 332: 100. 333: 100. 334: 100. 335: 100. 336: 100. 337: 100. 338: 100. 339: 100. 340: 100. 341: 100. 342: 100. 343: 100. 344: 100. 345: 100. 346: 100. 347: 100. 348: 100. 349: 100. 350: 100. 351: 100. 352: 100. 353: 100. 354: 100. 355: 100. 356: 100. 357: 100. 358: 100. 359: 100. 360: 100. 361: 100. 362: 100. 363: 100. 364: 100. 365: 100. 366: 100. 367: 100. 368: 100. 369: 100. 370: 100. 371: 100. 372: 100. 373: 100. 374: 100. 375: 100. 376: 100. 377: 100. 378: 100. 379: 100. 380: 100. 381: 100. 382: 100. 383: 100. 384: 100. 385: 100. 386: 100. 387: 100. 388: 100. 389: 100. 390: 100. 391: 100. 392: 100. 393: 100. 394: 100. 395: 100. 396: 100. 397: 100. 398: 100. 399: 100. 400: 100. 401: 100. 402: 100. 403: 100. 404: 100. 405: 100. 406: 100. 407: 100. 408: 100. 409: 100. 410: 100. 411: 100. 412: 100. 413: 100. 414: 100. 415: 100. 416: 100. 417: 100. 418: 100. 419: 100. 420: 100. 421: 100. 422: 100. 423: 100. 424: 100. 425: 100. 426: 100. 427: 100. 428: 100. 429: 100. 430: 100. 431: 100. 432: 100. 433: 100. 434: 100. 435: 100. 436: 100. 437: 100. 438: 100. 439: 100. 440: 100. 441: 100. 442: 100. 443: 100. 444: 100. 445: 100. 446: 100. 447: 100. 448: 100. 449: 100. 450: 100. 451: 100. 452: 100. 453: 100. 454: 100. 455: 100. 456: 100. 457: 100. 458: 100. 459: 100. 460: 100. 461: 100. 462: 100. 463: 100. 464: 100. 465: 100. 466: 100. 467: 100. 468: 100. 469: 100. 470: 100. 471: 100. 472: 100. 473: 100. 474: 100. 475: 100. 476: 100. 477: 100. 478: 100. 479: 100. 480: 100. 481: 100. 482: 100. 483: 100. 484: 100. 485: 100. 486: 100. 487: 100. 488: 100. 489: 100. 490: 100. 491: 100. 492: 100. 493: 100. 494: 100. 495: 100. 496: 100. 497: 100. 498: 100. 499: 100. 500: 100. 501: 100. 502: 100. 503: 100. 504: 100. 505: 100. 506: 100. 507: 100. 508: 100. 509: 100. 510: 100. 511: 100. 512: 100. 513: 100. 514: 100. 515: 100. 516: 100. 517: 100. 518: 100. 519: 100. 520: 100. 521: 100. 522: 100. 523: 100. 524: 100. 525: 100. 526: 100. 527: 100. 528: 100. 529: 100. 530: 100. 531: 100. 532: 100. 533: 100. 534: 100. 535: 100. 536: 100. 537: 100. 538: 100. 539: 100. 540: 100. 541: 100. 542: 100. 543: 100. 544: 100. 545: 100. 546: 100. 547: 100. 548: 100. 549: 100. 550: 100. 551: 100. 552: 100. 553: 100. 554: 100. 555: 100. 556: 100. 557: 100. 558: 100. 559: 100. 560: 100. 561: 100. 562: 100. 563: 100. 564: 100. 565: 100. 566: 100. 567: 100. 568: 100. 569: 100. 570: 100. 571: 100. 572: 100. 573: 100. 574: 100. 575: 100. 576: 100. 577: 100. 578: 100. 579: 100. 580: 100. 581: 100. 582: 100. 583: 100. 584: 100. 585: 100. 586: 100. 587: 100. 588: 100. 589: 100. 590: 100. 591: 100. 592: 100. 593: 100. 594: 100. 595: 100. 596: 100. 597: 100. 598: 100. 599: 100. 600: 100. 601: 100. 602: 100. 603: 100. 604: 100. 605: 100. 606: 100. 607: 100. 608: 100. 609: 100. 610: 100. 611: 100. 612: 100. 613: 100. 614: 100. 615: 100. 616: 100. 617: 100. 618: 100. 619: 100. 620: 100. 621: 100. 622: 100. 623: 100. 624: 100. 625: 100. 626: 100. 627: 100. 628: 100. 629: 100. 630: 100. 631: 100. 632: 100. 633: 100. 634: 100. 635: 100. 636: 100. 637: 100. 638: 100. 639: 100. 640: 100. 641: 100. 642: 100. 643: 100. 644: 100. 645: 100. 646: 100. 647: 100. 648: 100. 649: 100. 650: 100. 651: 100. 652: 100. 653: 100. 654: 100. 655: 100. 656: 100. 657: 100. 658: 100. 659: 100. 660: 100. 661: 100. 662: 100. 663: 100. 664: 100. 665: 100. 666: 100. 667: 100. 668: 100. 669: 100. 670: 100. 671: 100. 672: 100. 673: 100. 674: 100. 675: 100. 676: 100. 677: 100. 678: 100. 679: 100. 680: 100. 681: 100. 682: 100. 683: 100. 684: 100. 685: 100. 686: 100. 687: 100. 688: 100. 689: 100. 690: 100. 691: 100. 692: 100. 693: 100. 694: 100. 695: 100. 696: 100. 697: 100. 698: 100. 699: 100. 700: 100. 701: 100. 702: 100. 703: 100. 704: 100. 705: 100. 706: 100. 707: 100. 708: 100. 709: 100. 710: 100. 711: 100. 712: 100. 713: 100. 714: 100. 715: 100. 716: 100. 717: 100. 718: 100. 719: 100. 720: 100. 721: 100. 722: 100. 723: 100. 724: 100. 725: 100. 726: 100. 727: 100. 728: 100. 729: 100. 730: 100. 731: 100. 732: 100. 733: 100. 734: 100. 735: 100. 736: 100. 737: 100. 738: 100. 739: 100. 740: 100. 741: 100. 742: 100. 743: 100. 744: 100. 745: 100. 746: 100. 747: 100. 748: 100. 749: 100. 750: 100. 751: 100. 752: 100. 753: 100. 754: 100. 755: 100. 756: 100. 757: 100. 758: 100. 759: 100. 760: 100. 761: 100. 762: 100. 763: 100. 764: 100. 765: 100. 766: 100. 767: 100. 768: 100. 769: 100. 770: 100. 771: 100. 772: 100. 773: 100. 774: 100. 775: 100. 776: 100. 777: 100. 778: 100. 779: 100. 780: 100. 781: 100. 782: 100. 783: 100. 784: 100. 785: 100. 786: 100. 787: 100. 788: 100. 789: 100. 790: 100. 791: 100. 792: 100. 793: 100. 794: 100. 795: 100. 796: 100. 797: 100. 798: 100. 799: 100. 800: 100. 801: 100. 802: 100. 803: 100. 804: 100. 805: 100. 806: 100. 807: 100. 808: 100. 809: 100. 810: 100. 811: 100. 812: 100. 813: 100. 814: 100. 815: 100. 816: 100. 817: 100. 818: 100. 819: 100. 820: 100. 821: 100. 822: 100. 823: 100. 824: 100. 825: 100. 826: 100. 827: 100. 828: 100. 829: 100. 830: 100. 831: 100. 832: 100. 833: 100. 834: 100. 835: 100. 836: 100. 837: 100. 838: 100. 839: 100. 840: 100. 841: 100. 842: 100. 843: 100. 844: 100. 845: 100. 846: 100. 847: 100. 848: 100. 849: 100. 850: 100. 851: 100. 852: 100. 853: 100. 854: 100. 855: 100. 856: 100. 857: 100. 858: 100. 859: 100. 860: 100. 861: 100. 862: 100. 863: 100. 864: 100. 865: 100. 866: 100. 867: 100. 868: 100. 869: 100. 870: 100. 871: 100. 872: 100. 873: 100. 874: 100. 875: 100. 876: 100. 877: 100. 878: 100. 879: 100. 880: 100. 881: 100. 882: 100. 883: 100. 884: 100. 885: 100. 886: 100. 887: 100. 888: 100. 889: 100. 890: 100. 891: 100. 892: 100. 893: 100. 894: 100. 895: 100. 896: 100. 897: 100. 898: 100. 899: 100. 900: 100. 901: 100. 902: 100. 903: 100. 904: 100. 905: 100. 906: 100. 907: 100. 908: 100. 909: 100. 910: 100. 911: 100. 912: 100. 913: 100. 914: 100. 915: 100. 916: 100. 917: 100. 918: 100. 919: 100. 920: 100. 921: 100. 922: 100. 923: 100. 924: 100. 925: 100. 926: 100. 927: 100. 928: 100. 929: 100. 930: 100. 931: 100. 932: 100. 933: 100. 934: 100. 935: 100. 936: 100. 937: 100. 938: 100. 939: 100. 940: 100. 941: 100. 942: 100. 943: 100. 944: 100. 945: 100. 946: 100. 947: 100. 948: 100. 949: 100. 950: 100. 951: 100. 9

**£25,000
for
CHILDREN
FREE**
See Page 2.

THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, August 11, 1923.
"Tides of Fate": Holiday Serial for All.
See Page 13.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

C DAILY CHILDREN'S SAVINGS C MIRR CERTIFICATE
THIS Certificate to be retained and posted
"The Daily Mirror", in accordance with the
conditions of the Children's Savings Fund, which
conditions the sender undertakes to accept.
No. A 7 NAME _____
August 11th, 1923. COPPERPLATE

"THE DAILY MIRROR" PETS' GREAT DAY AT BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE AND CANTERBURY



A big circle of friends of the pets at Minnes Bay, Birchington. They were all much interested in the new little house.



Pip went for a bathe at Westgate.



Squeak on an 'aeroplane' at Canterbury Carnival.



Pip found Birchington shrimping. Wilfred met strange folk at Canterbury.



Pip in the middle of a happy party on a wall at Westgate. *Y921.F*

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred had a day yesterday at Birchington, Westgate and Canterbury that was crowded with incident. Pip seems to get more versatile every day. He went for a bathe with a charming companion, and then shrimping, and was envied because he did not need to change his clothes.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Wilfred and Pip cheer a little invalid at Birchington.